COLD WIND FROM CANADA EDWARD COWAN

THE NATION

DECEMBER 13, 1971 50 cents

DEC 1 0 1971

A NICE PIECE OF DESERT
Selling the Mirage—New Twist to an Old American Game
Robert A. Jones

The White-Collar Myth—And the Political Dangers of Believing It
Andrew Levison

William Saroyan / Apple Pie and Crazy People

Records of 1971 / David Hamilton

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EDITORIALS

Nixon's Objective in Paris

It is becoming increasingly apparent that the principal objective of the Administration at the Paris peace talks is not to reach agreement but to keep the American people from realizing that an agreement they would gladly accept has probably been available to them for several months.

According to the sense of Congress, as expressed in the Mansfield amendment to the military procurement bill recently signed into law, we should be withdrawing all troops from Vietnam as quickly as possible, provided *only* that their safety is protected and arrangements are made for the prisoners of war. However, Mr. Nixon's re-election strategy requires him to save face by preserving the Thieu government, which implies an indefinite continuation of the bombing and probably a residual ground force as well. When Thieu's "four no's" (no neutralism, no Communist participation in government, no concession of territory, no coalition government) are thrown into the equation, it is clear that Mr. Nixon's additional condition requires de facto concession of total defeat by the other side.

It seems most unlikely that he will obtain this concession. However, the other side has already conceded everything demanded by Congress. As far as the safety of withdrawing troops is concerned, clearly it is in the other side's interest to let our men leave peacefully if they will thereby leave more quickly. The NLF has frequently emphasized this point, the most recent occasion being the November 18th statement by their information officer, Ly Van Sau, that the NLF stands ready to give each American soldier a bouquet of flowers as he leaves. The solution to the prisoner problem has been formally available to us since July 1, when the NLF proposed to release all American prisoners if we would set a date for withdrawal in 1971.

The American people do not share Mr. Nixon's desire to preserve the Thieu government. A Harris poll taken in late October showed a strong majority (55 per cent to 32 per cent) opposed to leaving a 50,000-man residual force to "keep the Communists from taking over Vietnam," and still stronger majorities (57 per cent to 29 per cent and 70 per cent to 16 per cent respectively) opposed to continued bombing and continued billion-dollar-a-year military aid for the same purpose.

Faced with this divergence between its own goals and those of the Congress and the American people, the Administration sweeps offers from the other side under the rug, in the hope that the public will not realize their importance. Thus, our negotiators have *never* responded to the NLF's July 1st offer on prisoners. In fact, when our chief negotiator, William J. Porter, as part of his presentation at the November 4th negotiating session reviewed and discussed the past offers that had been made by both sides, he didn't even mention the July 1st proposal!

When I asked the State Department why we've never responded to the offer, I was told, in effect, that it is ambiguous. I then wrote to Secretary Rogers, asking why our negotiators never asked specific questions to clarify the points that seemed unclear. I suggested that we take the most favorable of the various statements made privately by North Vietnamese and NLF officials to visiting American journalists and political figures, and ask the other side if these statements in fact represent its position. Since they would be reluctant to contradict their own people, I suggested, this strategy might enable us to lock them into the position most likely to lead to prompt return of the prisoners and end of the war. I recently received an answer stating that "it is not always feasible or advisable for our negotiators to attempt to identify specific statements as representing the other side's official positions." I am currently attempting to find out why not, and am wondering how long this string of excuses can continue.

The style of our negotiations is as bad as the substance. I believe our former chief negotiator, David Bruce, to be a sincere and able man. It seems probable to me that he felt uncomfortable with the strategy of charade, and that this played a large part in his August resignation. However, Mr. Porter seems perfectly suited to his role, and perhaps even more enthusiastic about it than is President Nixon. On reading the transcripts of the talks (which are available from the State Department), one is struck by the difference in style between Bruce and Porter. Where Bruce was patient, Porter is irritable; where Bruce ignored and avoided expressions of hostility, Porter seeks them out and sometimes initiates them. The essence of Porter's style is found in the conclusion of his prepared remarks at the November 4th session: "In view of your record here in these meetings, you should congratulate yourselves that we are still here listening." Mr. Porter is, nominally, a member of the Diplomatic Corps.

A new chief negotiator would help. A new policy, in line with the will of the people and the Congress, would be even better.

REP. ROBERT L. LEGGETT

The Last to Know

It is not merely the Congress, more particularly the Senate, which has been pushed aside as the President imperiously goes his own way, deferring to advice and consent no more than he absolutely must. Some of the major departments are being robbed of their functions in much the same way, and without even the right to protest. The Cabinet, of course, has long since ceased to function as a Cabinet, but the plight of the State Department is the saddest of all.

It still exists, to be sure, but nowadays it is "the last to know" what the President and Dr. Kissinger are up to. With the exception of Secretary Rogers and perhaps a few other senior figures, the functionaries got the news of the President's plan to visit the Soviet Union next May by a routine intelligence advisory from the FBI. A few days before the formal announcement on October 12, the Bureau reported that it had learned through an informant that a Soviet diplomat had advised Gus Hall, the general secretary of the American Communist Party, of Mr. Nixon's plans. "I must remember to check with Hall in the future on the President's travel plans," an understandably offended State Department official said. "He's obviously more clued in than I am."

Dr. Kissinger's 10-year-old son is another possible source of inside information for helpless State Department

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officials. David happened to be present when his father was being pressed by reporters about the timing of the President's Peking trip. As Dr. Kissinger parried the question, David piped up: "He's going early in March." With a child's common sense, David saw no reason for all the secrecy. He was a few days off, unless—judging by the consternation of Dr. Kissinger and Ron Ziegler—the date was changed to save face for the higher-ups.

All these Presidential trips abroad, and the desuetude of the State Department, are enmeshed in domestic politics. By assiduous traveling and mystification about dates and content, Mr. Nixon can keep himself in the TV limelight. If, meanwhile, he can show even a modicum of progress on the economic front, he feels he is sure of re-election. Nothing else really counts and everybody in and out of the Administration knows it.

The current budget of the State Department is in the neighborhood of $240 million. It is ridiculous to spend all that money for an organization which has been eviscerated by a President who prefers a largely personal monopoly on information and power.

The Leverage Fallacy

The great powers, led by the United States, the wealthiest of the lot, have long made a practice of recruiting "client states" by disbursing "aid," mostly military and mostly employed by tyrannical regimes to keep themselves in power. When a relatively democratic country like the United States has followed this method, it has deplored the evils of autocracy in muted tones, but excused the autocrats on the ground of necessity. The alliance, though perhaps a little unsavory, gave us "leverage" to maintain peace in the world.

Now one sees how this leverage theory works out in reality. India and Pakistan are at war. The war is restricted at the moment, but by all indications restraint will soon vanish. Since 1953 the United States has assisted Pakistan to the tune of about $4 billion. It is now trying to exert leverage on Pakistan, to make it refrain from full-scale war. The Soviet Union is engaged in the same endeavor with the Indians. On the evidence, both great powers are powerless. Yahya Khan's government behaves as if we had never given it a red cent.

Our leverage has been exerted privately. The State Department's public stand has been that the war involving West and East Pakistan is an internal affair. This evasion will help to excuse our failure to prevent further untoward developments, but the pretense is transparently false.

The fact is that our aid to West Pakistan is largely responsible for the present situation, which threatens not only the peace of the subcontinent but may embroil the superpowers themselves. In 1953 the United States engaged in confidential arms-aid negotiations with senior generals and bureaucrats of Pakistan West who in an election the following year suffered defeat in East Pakistan. Not at all nonplussed, the United States concluded a defense pact with the West Pakistanis, who then and later treated East Pakistan as a colony. It is doubtful that French colonialism in North Africa, or British colonialism in India, was ever as vicious as Pakistani colonialism, but

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the United States continued its aid. When elections were again held, in 1970, and again parties opposed to the continuance of military rule prevailed at the polls, Washington still gave no heed.

Since March 25, when the present trouble began, the Nixon Administration has vacillated. Privately, it continued to send help to the West Pakistani generals. Such explanation as the government saw fit to give was to the effect that, under Asian conditions, only military men could be regarded as reliable allies. Besides, we had commitments which had to be fulfilled. Then it was said that we had ceased to give aid. But since a freighter plying narrow waters is visible to the unaided eye, the press and the Congress soon discovered that aid was continuing. It was finally shut off, not by the Administration but by Congress in the Foreign Assistance Act.

Leverage having failed, American efforts are now limited to moral suasion, which has as much effect on Yahya Khan and his colleagues as a pea shooter has on a tank. As Senator Kennedy points out (*Congressional Record*, November 16), the problem is between the military elite ruling in Islamabad and the Bengali leadership elected in Dacca. The one man who might have a chance to stop the rush toward war, the Bengali leader Sheik Mujibur Rahman, is being tried by the West Pakistani rulers for treason.

The Indians could not stand by and allow the flood of refugees from East Pakistan to inundate the Indian countryside in the area of the Bay of Bengal. Another 10 million destitute inhabitants could break the back of a country with India's problems. As it is, there is dangerous animosity between the poverty-stricken Indians and the refugees whom the government is trying to keep from starving. The situation has gone too far for reversion to the *status quo ante*. India is now throwing its military resources into play to found what one commentator calls "a friendly, secular and independent East Pakistan."

The Indians will be portrayed as the aggressors, but it is hard to see what else they could have done. For the past ten years India's development plans have been thwarted by a string of misfortunes and calamities. Caring for the refugees in the current fiscal year alone is estimated to cost $900 million, of which only $250 million has been offset by donations and pledges from abroad.

The one lesson that comes out of all this, as far as the United States is concerned, is that military aid for the sake of "leverage" is an illusion. Now the Congress and the people, if not the wise men of the Nixon Administration, can see it for what it is.

Ulster: A Note of Realism

Harold Wilson has courageously and sensibly proposed a tripartite commission made up of representatives of the parliaments of Ulster, Eire and Westminster, which would draw up plans for the unification of Ireland, to take place over a period of fifteen years. It is remarkable that Wilson, usually the most political of politicians—often to his own detriment—has finally said what needed to be said. Prime Minister Brian Faulkner of Northern Ireland has of course rejected the proposal, but it stands a good chance of being adopted at some time in the near future. Say what you will, partition has always been the underlying problem and there can be no real solution until unification is achieved.

But for the here and now more is needed. The internment-without-trial decree of August 9—a piece of monumental folly—should be lifted immediately and arrangements made for the early release of those detained. No improvement is conceivable until this essential first step has been taken. Direct rule by Westminster, by whatever name, is the obvious next step. Massive evidence dictates the conclusion that the fifty-year Stormont experiment has failed. British intervention might have succeeded—the troops were well received at the outset—if the Stormont regime had not been intransigent. Instead of pushing the regime aside, the British decided to cooperate with it.

It is now known that James Callaghan, Home Secretary in the last Labour government, had decided, on the eve of the 1970 elections, that the powers of Stormont should be suspended. "It's absurd," he said of Stormont a few days before leaving office, "here they are, with all the panoply of government—even a Prime Minister—with a population no bigger than four London boroughs. They don't need a Prime Minister. They need a good Mayor of Lewisham." There is simply no hope of securing Catholic participation in the governing process, now or in the future, as long as the farce of Stormont is continued. At any given time from 1969 to the present, cooperation of the moderate Catholics could have been secured by an honest implementation of the reforms advocated by the civil rights movement. Of these reforms Lord Cameron said, with a straight face, that he hardly thought they would in any sense endanger the stability of the Constitution! But Stormont did not see it that way. Without the substance of direct rule, as Conor Cruise O'Brien points out in *The Observer* (London), Northern Ireland "will continue to be a Protestant supremacy"—more accurately an Orange Order supremacy, for a substantial minority of Protestants would welcome reform. Implementation, with "energy and resolution" and without delay, of the modest reforms which have been proposed would set the stage for an interim period of day-to-day cooperation on matters of immediate and urgent practical concern to all residents of Northern Ireland. That, in turn, might over a period of fifteen years lead to unification. The great pity is that Callaghan and Wilson did not carry out, while Labour was still in power, the program that both now advocate. All the same, Mr. Wilson deserves a vote of thanks for a statesmanlike proposal.

Kent State in '72

Richard M. Nixon is a minority President who won by a margin of something over 500,000 votes in 1968. He carried Ohio—no successful Republican has ever won the Presidency without it. Can he carry it in 1972? If he and his Attorney General continue to pursue their present policy in the Kent State aftermath, Nixon may lose Ohio. That would not bring the dead back to life or restore the crippled to normality, but it would be condign justice.

Attorney General Mitchell termed the shooting by the National Guardsmen unnecessary and inexcusable,

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but said he saw no basis for federal prosecution. He ignored the evidence (aired by Peter Davies in *The Nation*, November 29) that there was a conspiracy among a group of Guardsmen to teach the students a lesson by killing a few. Instead, the local authorities are prosecuting twenty-five persons, mostly students, who are accused of arson and rioting in connection with the disturbances that led up to the shooting.

The prosecution has fared poorly so far. A nonstudent, Jerry Rupe, who was involved in the affair was tried on three felony counts—arson, first-degree riot and assaulting a fireman. A jury in Ravenna failed to reach a verdict on the felony charges. It found Rupe guilty on the misdemeanor charge of interfering with a fireman.

The prosecution's case against Peter Bliek, a former Kent State student, collapsed when the state's only witness said he was unable to identify the defendant as one of two men he saw throwing gasoline-soaked rags into the ROTC building. Then Judge Edwin W. Jones disqualified himself in another ten of the twenty-five cases before him. (He has been replaced by Judge Albert Caris, 80.) Judge Jones had been connected with the grand jury proceedings under which the prosecutions were brought. These indictments were thrown out by a federal court, but the state defiantly proceeded with the prosecutions. It evidently relied on the bias against the students that had emerged after the shootings. ("They should have killed more of them.") But the prosecution's efforts to date have thrown doubt on this theory. On second thought, after two years, the citizens may be in a less belligerent law-and-order mood. (Some of them must have had their doubts at the outset.)

Another factor is the success of two Kent students, Greg Rambo, 21, and Paul Keane, 26, in organizing a drive for justice, however belated. They presented 10,380 student and faculty signatures to a White House aide in November. It took them ten days to get the signatures. Kent State has about 20,000 students. The petition urged the Justice Department to convene a federal grand jury.

There are about 400,000 youth votes in Ohio. Of course not all of these potential voters will vote, and some may be sympathetic to the actions of the National Guard and the state of Ohio. But if a large number agree with the more than 10,000 students who signed the petition, Nixon may lose Ohio. He deserves to lose it, even if he should scan the auspices and induce Mitchell to change his mind.

NEXT WEEK

A Survey of the
ART BOOKS OF 1971
LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

THE GRAY REPORT

COLD WIND FROM CANADA

EDWARD COWAN
Mr. Cowan is a New York Times *correspondent based in Toronto.*

Toronto

"Canadians, by and large, are not very xenophobic. Canada has fewer national heroes and distinctive symbols than most other countries. Canadians seem to have less pride in their history and in their achievements. . . . Canadian diffidence towards nationhood appears to arise out of Canada's colonial past. In more recent times, Canada's proximity to the dynamic and powerful U.S. has induced a comparable feeling of dependence or inferiority."

The foregoing is from an official working paper of the government of Canada. If they came from another source, these sentences would be shrugged off as truisms that have become voguish in the four and a half years since Canada celebrated its centennial as a national state. Yet, however commonplace these sentences must seem to any informed Canadian, it was not intended that they and the document in which they appear should be read by the Canadian people.

This study of foreign ownersihp and influence in Canada, now known widely here as the Gray report, contains other rare examples of official candor, also not meant for public circulation. Among them are:

¶"The U.S. control of the Canadian defense industry has made it difficult to develop similar defense production arrangements with other countries. . . ."

¶"The degree of U.S. control of Canadian business, and the policy affinities which exist between the two countries have undoubtedly prejudiced the Canadian position in relations with third countries, including our ability to achieve foreign and commercial policy objectives."

¶"The hostile reception which the National Advisory Committee on Petroleum gave to questions about the desirability of creating a large, vertically integrated, Canadian controlled petroleum firm, similarly seems to be attributable to the fact that most of the firms are not Canadian controlled."

(A man who plays an important role in the shaping of energy policy assured me earlier this year that, despite their American parentage, Canada's dominant oil companies were behaving like good Canadian citizens.)

The Gray report, prepared under the supervision of Herb Gray, the 40-year-old Minister of National Revenue, was composed as an internal study to guide the Cabinet in writing Ottawa's first comprehensive policy on foreign investment.

Its scope is defined by the title and subtitle: "Domestic

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Control of the National Economic Environment: the *Problems of Foreign Ownership and Control.*" The study examines the degree of foreign ownership (58.1 per cent of manufacturing assets, 39.4 per cent of nonfinancial companies' assets), the problems created by such ownership, and the ways whereby the government might influence the cost-benefit ratio in Canada's favor. It is, to judge by the condensed version just published, a thoughtful, far-reaching, dense, overwritten piece of work. It is free of polemics and is far more balanced and honest than most published government documents. But then it was not meant to be published.

Somebody lent a copy of the Gray study—minus two chapters, which evidently were circulated only to an inmost circle—to *The Canadian Forum,* an intellectual monthly magazine with strong nationalistic leanings published at, but not by, the University of Toronto. The *Forum*'s editorial board, led by Abraham Rotstein, managing editor, figured they might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb and rushed about 70,000 of the report's 200,000 words into print as the magazine's December issue. (Entitled *A Citizen's Guide to the Herb Gray Report,* the condensation has been published as a book by New Press of Toronto, at $1.95.)

To publish a secret Cabinet document was odd behavior for Canadians. One wonders whether it would have happened but for the Pentagon Papers. When releasing the report, Rotstein, flanked by some of his associates in a defensive show of solidarity, gave assurance that it "contained no material prejudicial to the national interest, nor any data that would aid a foreign power.' That, of course, was opinion. Whoever gave the report to the *Forum* must have believed that the national interest would be best served by pushing the government toward the position on foreign investment recommended by Gray.

As if the sensation in Ottawa, including the immediate promise of an investigation of the leak, were not enough, there appeared in print four days later the text of a Cabinet minute reporting the adoption in principle, last July, of the Gray report's central recommendation—establishment of an agency to screen foreign investment and bargain for the best possible deal for Canada. Apart from whatever influence all of this publicity may have on policy, it is noteworthy because Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau's vaunted Cabinet secrecy, if not Cabinet discipline itself, was rent, not once but twice. It is being asked, especially by the growing number of Canadians who are no longer Trudeau fans, whether the Prime Minister, reputed to run the Cabinet with an iron hand, may not be losing his grip. So much for the fun-and-games aspects of the Gray report. Of what significance is it?

It is part of, and presumably will contribute to, a feeling of Canadian nationalism that has been fanning out and gaining momentum. This impulse, pro-Canadian and anti-American, has been part of Canadian history for a long time, sometimes close to the surface. "What you Americans don't realize is that for 200 years we Canadians have been struggling to be independent of the United States," a leading Toronto stock market figure commented the other day. "We're constantly worried about our big friend to the south. We like him but we have to keep our distance from him or he'll swallow up Canada."

This view of North American history is unknown south of the border. Almost every educated Canadian regards the Alaska panhandle and Maine north of the 45th parallel as American rip-offs of Canadian territory (how nice when one of those mod words really fits). Canadians are more aware than are their continental neighbors that the war of 1812 and the "54-40 or fight" campaign slogan of 1844 (President Polk later agreed to draw the boundary at the 49th parallel, where it remains) were American territorial expansionism aimed at Canada. As some Canadians—apparently a growing number—see it, the contemporary instruments of American expansion are television, continental distribution of magazines and paperback books, pop music, professional sports, mass merchandising and the multinational corporation.

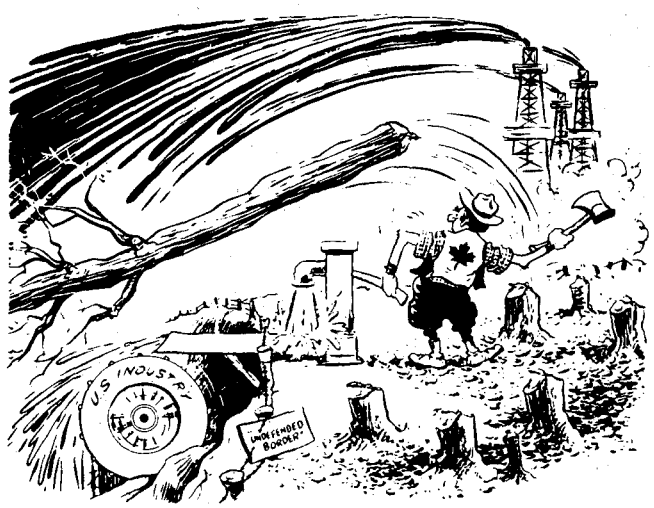
John Kenneth Galbraith, a rural Ontario boy, is regularly asked whether Canadians should be worried about foreign, mostly American, ownership of Canadian business—64 per cent of assets in the electrical products industry, 81.3 per cent in chemicals, 93.1 per cent in rubber products, 84.5 per cent in tobacco, 55.2 per cent in primary metals, 72.2 per cent in machinery and 99.7 per cent in petroleum and coal products. Galbraith has said that more important than the ownership of industry are culture—writing, theatre, painting, etc.—and mass communications. (Federal law, in fact, prohibits foreigners from acquiring control of Canadian broadcasting stations and newspapers.)

"This reflects a rather naive view of culture and nationhood," comments the Gray report. "There is no way of leaving the 'economic' area to others, so that we can get on with the political, social and cultural concerns in our own way. There is no such compartmentalization in the real world."

Has somebody up there on Parliament Hill been radicalized? That's no way for a good, gray government of Canada to talk. What about the twelve "guiding principles of good corporate behavior in Canada" propounded by Ottawa in 1966? Those were pretty stiff rules, weren't they? Principles like:

¶". . . to search out and develop economic sources of supply in Canada."

¶". . . a Canadian outlook within management" and "a



Chambers, Halifax Herald (Canada)
Hewer of Wood and Drawer of Water

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major proportion of Canadian citizens on its board of directors."

¶". . . maximum development of market opportunities in other countries."

Or perhaps the foreign-controlled companies don't follow the rules. Perhaps, even with all those Canadians sitting on their boards of directors, their first loyalties are not to Canada. That, and the proposition that the first priority of Canadian-owned companies is also the bottom line of the earnings statement, are hardly news to even the most casual observer. What is news is that the government of Canada is joining those who say that foreign investment does not yield to Canada as much as it should, that it needs to be controlled, and that something more than an unenforced code of conduct is required.

As the title of the Gray study implies, the authors believe that Canada has lost control of its own economy. The opening sentences say:

> The high and growing degree of foreign, and particularly U.S., control of Canadian business activity has led to a Canadian industrial structure which largely reflects the growth priorities of foreign corporations. Many of these corporations invested in Canada to extend the market for their manufactures. Subsequently, Canada has become locked into accepting a pattern of innovation and technological development originating abroad. Other corporations invested in Canada to extract resources for home consumption. In either case, to the extent that these corporations were influenced by their home environment, their investment decisions reflected the industrial priorities of foreign governments and economies. This in turn has contributed to the integration of the Canadian economy into the world economy in a way which could make it increasingly difficult for Canada to realize its growth and employment objectives.

These are obvious truths. They are also the truths of the classroom, New Democratic Party rallies and some of the newspaper columns, but not the wisdom that customarily emanates from the East Block, that solid stone building in Ottawa which houses the offices of the Prime Minister and the Minister of External Affairs. Does or does not the Gray report represent the view of the government of Canada?

That's what the Opposition asked, repeatedly and gleefully, in the House of Commons. The government was clearly embarrassed. Mitchell Sharp, the Secretary of State for External Affairs, an old hand at equivocating on a knife edge, denied that policy was decided. Then came the leak, in the *Montreal Gazette*, that the Cabinet had adopted in principle the screening-agency approach.

In the House, Robert L. Stanfield, a former Premier of Nova Scotia and the Progressive Conservative Party leader, zeroed in.

Stanfield: In order to clear up the confusion, which I am sure even the honorable gentleman recognizes exists, can he assure the House that, as reported in the *Gazette*, the Cabinet has taken the position in principle that the main policy approach to the question of foreign takeovers would be the creation of a screening process?

Sharp: The honorable gentleman has been the head of a government and he knows that in the process of reaching a final decision . . .

Stanfield: Yes or no?

Sharp: . . . many decisions are taken along the way, but no decision is taken on the question until the day that the Cabinet Minister or the Prime Minister is authorized to make a statement. Up to that time everything is in flux.

Apart from defending his own veracity, Sharp may have been acknowledging that the Cabinet had yet to reach full agreement on details, on the scope and reach —the power—of the screening agency. The Gray report outlines a broad spectrum of issues on which a screening agency would negotiate with foreign investors to obtain "better performance"—in a new enterprise, in an existing business to be acquired, or in expansion of a business already controlled by foreigners.

The agency could bargain over products, technology to be imported, research and development within Canada, exports (will the subsidiary stay out of some or all foreign markets in deference to its parent?), Canadian sources of supply, hiring of Canadian managers and directors, extent of resource processing, capital structure, financing, future expansion. In particular cases, it could also, Gray suggested, veto direct investment altogether, in favor of licensing or a joint venture.

The more radical nationalists, who favor nationalization of resources (Trudeau rejects the buy-back-Canada idea) regard screening as a moderate remedy. Businessmen who find government poking into what they view as their inalienable decision-making preserves may protest that screening is an immoderate exercise of government power. Nominally, it certainly would be more far-reaching than the negotiations in which the Department of Regional Economic Expansion bargains over federal grants-in-aid for investment in slow-growth areas. But how radical screening would be in fact depends on the instructions given to the screeners, the standards they apply and the balance of federal-provincial power. Many of the provinces are more interested in new investment and jobs than in the eggheaded considerations set forth in the Gray report. How much constitutional power Ottawa has to block investment is an interesting question—one not discussed in those chapters of the report made available to *The Canadian Forum* (rather as the diplomatic relations volume of the Pentagon Papers did not get to the press). In general, the provinces have more power over commerce than do the American states. It may be that the repeated use of the verb "bargain" conveys an admission that Ottawa's leverage lies chiefly in the grants and that its power is not absolute.

Trudeau, ever mindful of Quebec and federal-provincial relations, is a supreme realist. He will not adopt a policy that Quebec separatists can brand as an intrusion of federal power. Nor, with President Nixon coming in the spring, and with the import surcharge still on the books, does Trudeau want to be unnecessarily anti-American.

From that viewpoint, publication of the Gray text could not have come at a worse time. Canadian feelings toward Washington have been irritated by the surcharge. With the government sounding the alarm repeatedly, the country has become worried about the "buy-American" aspect of Washington's proposed investment credit and about whether the Domestic International Sales Corporation (DISC) bill will lead to repatriation of production

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from Canada. The informal list of pending American-Canadian economic issues leaked in Washington to the *Chicago Tribune* reverberated in Canada like a declaration of war. Then came the Amchitka test, which convinced some Canadians that the United States really doesn't give a damn about Canada. Trudeau himself had contributed to that view a few weeks earlier when he said of Americans: "I don't think that they know much or care much really about Canada. They don't seem to realize what they're doing to Canadians."

So, as seen from this side of the border, Canadian-American relations are at their lowest ebb in years. There remain in Canada deep reservoirs of good will toward the United States, and there are still the countless daily transborder contacts—commercial, familial, recreational. But Canadians are becoming increasingly doubtful that the American way of life is good—at least for them. The Gray report is a manifestation of Canada's rising desire to divorce itself from the American system. □

SELLING THE MIRAGE

A NICE PIECE OF DESERT

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Mr. Jones, a West Coast contributor to Newsweek, The Sunday Times *of London,* The New York Times *and other publications, was given a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism to study the land development schemes of the Western states.*

San Francisco

Everything about Cochiti Pueblo, even the sand-colored people, seems quiet in the heat. At midday objects dance in the white sun, and the high desert is almost empty, much as it has been for centuries. The Cochiti were never removed from their 22,763-acre reservation during the Indian wars; the dry arroyos and sand hills were not worth the trouble. For 400 years the Cochiti have lived here as drum makers and subsistence farmers, their culture largely intact because the land remained theirs.

But on the recreation frontier of the 1960s, Cochiti was doomed. The Southwest was booming; it had become the fastest growing section of the nation. Between 1940 and 1960 Albuquerque's population zoomed from 35,000 to 200,000, and Santa Fe became one of the major tourist cities of the country. Cochiti, although still in a desert wilderness, was within 50 miles of each.

Not only was Cochiti located in a prime wilderness, it soon acquired a second requisite of recreational developments. The Cochiti reservation was named in 1964 as the site for a large flood-control dam, to be built by the Army Corps of Engineers. The dam, of course, would create a large lake on the reservation.

Now the diesel engines cross back and forth, scraping out the streets of the town to be known as Cochiti Lake. Below them, more engines dig a hole and throw up the earth barricade of the lake itself. It is a busy scene, for the Great Western United Corporation is building there one of the largest land developments in New Mexico. Soon, according to Great Western, there will be streets, shopping centers, hotels and homes for more than 50,000 people at Cochiti Lake—almost none of them Indian, of course, and certainly none of them Cochiti Indians because the minimum cost for a new home at Cochiti Lake will be something more than $30,000. Most Cochiti do not earn that much in a lifetime.

A former governor of the Cochiti pueblo, Sam Arguero, remembers that "the people always objected to a dam" on their lands, but legally the tribe was almost helpless. They had two choices: either negotiate with the Corps of Engineers in an effort to receive the highest possible price for the flooded land, or have the land condemned and taken by court action. A federal law, passed in 1926, had declared that "lands of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, the Indian title to which has not been extinguished, may be condemned for any public purpose. . . ." After a year of negotiations, the corps agreed to a payment of $145,000 for the Cochiti lands.

Construction of the dam had not even started when officials from the Bureau of Indian Affairs began to explore the new possibilities for the Cochiti. A consulting firm was hired from Albuquerque and in a 160-page report it concluded what some tribal leaders had feared from the beginning: "over three-quarters of a million man-days use can be expected as soon as the dam and the attendant recreation facilities are complete."

The federal government, acting through the Department of the Interior, the BIA and the Army Corps of Engineers, and introducing what one official called an "era of progress," had managed at last to separate the Cochiti from their land, and to pass control of that land to hordes of urban Americans who, after 100 years, suddenly had need for their high desert, their cloudless summers and their pure air.

The size and intensity of that need is awesome. In New Mexico, the Central Clearing House, a conservation group, estimates that 280 land development companies control more than a million acres within the state and have platted enough lots to provide homes for more than 2 million people. A former governor of New Mexico said recently, "I'm afraid we may be turning the eastern slope of the Rockies into another Southern California."

And so it goes in other Western states: the State Lands Commission of Colorado estimates that acreage consumed in that state is more than twice that of New Mexico. The clerk of one rural Montana county, just north of Yellowstone National Park, says that less than one-third of the land within the county is owned locally. The rest has been purchased by out-of-state corporations and most is sched-

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uled for development. [See "Sunset Years in the Cactus" by Stan Steiner, *The Nation*, October 27, 1962; also "Arizona Sunsites," letter from Joseph Stocker, January 19, 1963.]

But no state can match California. No one knows just how much rural land has been developed there, but taken together the land projects would almost certainly cover an area larger than Rhode Island. The California Real Estate Commission estimates that up to 100,000 additional acres are being taken over annually.

How has it come to pass that the Cochiti high desert is now envisioned with retired couples driving golf carts to the shuffleboard courts? And how does it happen that Art Linkletter's picture covers billboards near Pagosa Springs, Colo., that Chet Huntley's picture covers billboards near Bozeman, Mont., and that both are selling land with all the dignity of frontier snake doctors?

In a sense none of this is new in the United States; land speculation is a very old American game, at least as old as the founding fathers. A list of men who made millions in land speculation in colonial America would be as distinguished as the list of those who signed the Declaration of Independence; indeed the two lists would considerably overlap. George Washington invested heavily in the old Northwest, and was at one time the agent for more than 5 million acres. Which is not to say that Washington had the field to himself; at one time or another he competed with the Lees and the Byrds of Virginia, with members of Thomas Jefferson's family, with Patrick Henry and others.

Although Washington did most of his speculation in farmland, he was later to discover a much more lucrative side of the business: city building. Even in revolutionary America, one city lot could be worth the price of an entire farm.

One of the first such ventures was Washington, D.C. "In America," wrote the Duc de La Rochefoucauld in 1797, "where more than in any other country, a desire for wealth is the prevailing passion, there are few schemes which are not made the means of extensive speculations; and that of erecting the Federal City presented irresistible temptations, which were not in fact neglected." Most of all it was not neglected by the city's namesake, who bought in at an early date and who also arranged with Congress that a triumvirate of speculators be allowed to promote and sell most of the lots within the city.

During the opening years of the old Northwest the process was called "town jobbing." When a new district was opened for settlement, maps of the district were closely examined by men whose interest was to find the area most likely to become a center of population. A fork of two rivers would do well; a river bluff overlooking a fertile valley was also a good possibility. A "company" was then formed, such as the Ohio Associates or the Connecticut Land Company, and an effort was made to purchase all the land within the area.

What usually happened after the land was purchased is best described by Joseph Biggs, an English traveler who observed the formation of many new "cities":

> A speculator makes out a plan of a city with its streets, square and avenues, quays and wharves, public buildings and monuments. The streets are lotted, the houses numbered, and the squares called after Franklin or Washington. The city itself has some fine name, perhaps Troy or Antioch. This is engraved and forthwith advertised and hung up in as many steamboats and hotels as the speculator's interest may command. All this time the city is a mere vision. Its very site is on the fork of some river in the far West, 500 miles beyond civilization, probably under water or surrounded by dense forests and impassable swamps. Emigrants have been repeatedly defrauded out of their money by transactions so extremely gross as hardly to be credited.

Although it is true that some real cities were founded by the town jobbing method, notably Cincinnati and Dayton, estimates of the ratio of failure to success run as high as 100 to 1. Perhaps the most famous of the mythical "new cities" was not in the old Northwest but in Kansas, where the city of New Babylon was extensively advertised as a great metropolis with opera houses, universities, theatres and a commercial center that formed the junction of two intercontinental railroads, a port on the Missouri River and various overland trade routes. "But if the new comer had the unusual wisdom to visit the prophetic city before purchasing lots," wrote Albert D. Richardson in *Beyond the Mississippi*, "he would in most cases find one or two rough cabins, with perhaps a tent and an Indian canoe in the river." Unfortunately, most newcomers did not visit New Babylon before purchase, and the scheme made its creators wealthy men.

By the start of the 20th century, the business of creating new cities was finished. The great land rushes were over, the population had become generally distributed throughout the land, the vestiges of frontier died. New Babylon, Kan., became a wheat field, and cities that did begin were a product of natural economic forces rather than the imagination of a frontier entrepreneur.

But 19th-century settlement passed over vast areas of the Rocky Mountain West. For that time, they were uneconomic. The desert lands were too poor to farm, the mountain lands too high. They were left barren and—except for a few Indians—unpeopled. Once, in the early 20th century, the federal government offered prime cabin sites in the Rockies for $5 a year; there were few takers.

In the 1960s the American public rediscovered these lands, and a new frontier was born. Whereas the demand in the 19th century had been for commercial land, the demand in the 20th was for recreational land. Americans needed an escape from the cities that had been a frontier only seventy-five years before.

As with the previous frontier, a breed of city builders arose to meet the demand. They were of the same mold as their predecessors. New Babylons have begun in every state of the West. The process is less a pattern than a formula, and by tracing one such development, most others can be understood.

The man who won the chance to separate the Cochiti from their land was Nathan K. Mendelsohn, a pioneer in the recreational city business. Years before he had laid out what, in pure acreage, was the third largest city in California, California City. Although California City had fewer than 500 residents at the time and although Mendelsohn was being sued on vari-

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ous charges of fraud and deceit, the venture had been a great financial success and Mendelsohn was looking for new cities to build.

A few months later he was given a 99-year lease for his development plan of Cochiti Lake, and the final stage of the transformation of the desert wilderness in the Cochiti reservation became clear. Mendelsohn proposed a recreational city comprising some 7,500 acres, to surround Cochiti Lake. The plans and drawings would have warmed the heart of William Levitt. There were low-density and high-density residential areas, marinas, hotels, junior colleges and high schools, and the Cochiti Pueblo Center, which turned out to be a shopping center.

Although some of the Cochiti tribal leaders had doubts that all of Mendelsohn's plans would actually materialize, they nonetheless approved the lease. "Anyway," says the Cochiti legal counsel, "the BIA in Washington gave California City a clean bill of health." The BIA's approval of California City was to become typical of its judgment in land planning. Just what kind of development was the BIA giving a "clean bill of health"?

California City was one of the first recreational land developments in the state of California. Mendelsohn, in partnership with M. Penn Phillips, a millionaire real estate developer from Southern California, first began to sell lots there in 1958. California City was located a little more than 100 miles northeast of Los Angeles in a section of the Mojave Desert called Antelope Valley.

The Mojave Desert is a forbidding territory. The vegetation is more sparse than that around Cochiti, and in the summer constant hot winds blow across the unbroken land. A report on California City prepared by the state's attorney general's office reads in part as follows:

> California City is probably the largest desert land promotion ever offered to a "land-investment" hungry public. It consists of 100,000 acres subdivided into 90,000 stake marked parcels linked by dusty roads to form the third largest city in size (acreage) in California. Located in the Mojave desert in eastern Kern County.
>
> The developer, N. K. Mendelsohn, has transformed uneconomic farmland acquired at $109 an acre into a "planned city" with lots that the development company sells for $9,000. Lots being sold today [1969] are without utilities or water or any paved road linking them to a one block group of stores located ten to twenty miles away.
>
> Although the developer has attempted to attract industry and provides recreational and community facilities (using over $6 million in public financing) there is no significant industrial development and the population of 869 is almost entirely dependent upon the developer for employment or income.
>
> To prospective land buyers, California City is represented as a safe, secure real estate investment in a community with "abundant water." These representations are false. Purchasers desiring to sell find no ready market of buyers. Instead when they are fortunate enough to resell they usually take a loss. Mendelsohn's claim that an underground lake exists beneath California City is equally spurious.
>
> The art of creating gold from base metals has long eluded our grasp, but Nathan K. Mendelsohn has perfected the art of turning desert dust into gold—but only for himself.

That last sentence is scarcely hyperbole—by the time Mendelsohn sold his interest in California City, the scheme had realized sales in excess of $100 million.

The tone of the attorney general's report and the sales figures for California City seem almost contradictory. How can one exist in the light of the other? There is no one answer, but a series of answers. Mendelsohn and his sales force were selling not land so much as an idea, even a mood. The initial concept to be drilled into the prospective buyer's mind was that of a disappearing land supply. ("As the tremendous forces of birth rate, increased business and giant industry move in an avalanche on the limited supply of land, economists predict a solid city 250 miles long and 90 miles wide reaching from the Mexican border to Santa Barbara. . . ." This was followed by an appeal to greed. Salesmen gave their own personal experiences with land investments wherein they inevitably made enough to "send my kids to college" or "take our dream vacation, to Scotland." To add a little legitimacy, the brochures threw in some statistics: "Land prices over the past ten years have soared 95%."

From the beginning, Mendelsohn also created an illusion of constant growth at California City. The developers constructed a supposed model community around a plastic-lined lake as an example of what would soon spread over the entire development. Customers were not told, of course, that the buildings were constructed of beaverboard, that a nearby industrial park contained no real business, or that the lake was located on the only sure water supply in the development.

In sales brochures, the company continually remarked upon the commercial growth of the city ("here the movement of industry has already established itself"), and only in an official statement of disclosure did it admit that "there has been very little commercial or industrial development to date"—ten years after the development opened.

"Mendelsohn isn't trying to sell 'land' and the public isn't buying the 'land,'" explains the attorney general's report. "They are engaged in a grand illusion of creating wealth. Mendelsohn has a dream and the buyers believe the developer's dream is capable of providing them with a pot of gold."

Just what were the people getting in their dream package? Here are a few excerpts from the attorney general's report:

¶There is no public air, rail or bus transportation to California City.

¶Sewer service, ten years after the project began, is not available.

¶Despite the developer's claim of a "moderate" climate, temperature records of July 1964, showed only nine days in which the maximum temperature fell below 100 degrees.

¶In spite of the developer's claims, a sample of 35 lot purchasers who had attempted to resell their holdings showed that *none* had realized any profit. Most lost money.

¶The nearest fire protection is approximately 15 miles from most homes.

¶After ten years of sales, less than 1% of lot owners have built on their property.

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¶The ratio of public debt to assessed valuation in California City is the highest of any city in California.

¶In 1968 California City was sued by 172 of the property owners, who asked damages of $3 million on charges of fraud, deceit and misrepresentation. The case is still pending.

Nathan K. Mendelsohn came to the Cochiti pueblo with a plan similar to that of California City, but with two major differences. First, the federal government was building an $80 million lake from which he would receive the principal financial benefit. Mendelsohn would not have to install his own plastic-lined pool at Cochiti. Second, he would not have to buy the land. The master lease from the Cochiti specified that the tribe's payment would come from percentages of lease sales to the public and from other revenues on the property. Whereas at California City, Mendelsohn was forced to invest at least $8 million in order to buy the development's acreage, at Cochiti he could begin with almost no investment in land and an extremely small amount of "front money."

Two years after the initial agreement, Cochiti Lake opened for customers. There was very little to show for those two years of work. All roads, except the one leading to the sales office, were unpaved and potholed; there were no homes and no other buildings except the sales office and a small cluster of model homes—but there was a large sales force, trained by Mendelsohn to create an image of oasis and profit out of the Cochiti desert.

Every morning at 10 a gray bus crawled from one hotel to the next in Santa Fe. It is the Cochiti tour bus, picking up tourists who are lured by promises of a "free lunch at a famous Santa Fe restaurant" and an inspection of a place called the "Eaves' Movie Ranch." This following, of course, the "tour of Cochiti Lake Recreation Area and Dam."

Several months after Cochiti opened, I made the tour. Along with twenty or so others, a friend and I climbed aboard the bus in front of the La Fonda Hotel. At that time, three sets of tours left Santa Fe several times a day, each to a different development. Ours promised the free meal. Another offered 4,000 green stamps. Still another company carted its customers off in a red double-decker English bus which parked between trips at the curb of Santa Fe Square, directly between two "no parking" signs. The salesmen had placed an advertising sign on the sidewalk, and as far as I could tell, used the sidewalk as their place of business. The police seemed to take no offense.

Our guide turned in his seat and glanced down the bus: "If there's anything you want to know, just ask." He picked up a microphone as we drove over a small bridge. "Directly beneath you is the Santa Fe River; it's been supplying the city with water for over 300 years."

I looked down. "It's dry," I said. "Well, yes," our guide replied. "There's been a drought."

I was about to ask what a dry river meant for the 50,000 additional people Cochiti Lake planned for the area, when another man handed me several brochures. One was especially large and colorful, having a pale blue lake with sailboats on the cover and the words "Cochiti Lake" in very large letters at the bottom border. Well, I thought, it looks as though there will be no water problems at Cochiti Lake. Then I noticed, in very small letters near the edge, "This is not Cochiti Lake."

"What lake is it?" I asked the man with the brochures. He frowned and continued passing out brochures.

The car swerved to the right and began to bump noisily down a dirt road. "This will all be paved soon," the guide said, and rolled the window shut against the dust. Then he motioned with his arm. "All this has been wasteland for thousands of years. As you can see, it is deserted." The car stopped at the top of the hill. "Now down there is the dam. Construction is well under way, and when it is finished, this place will turn into the playland of the Southwest. The government is spending $80 million on that dam, and Cochiti will benefit from each dollar. You might say we're getting a lake from Uncle Sam. Personally, I think Cochiti will become nationally known. I

expect thousands of people will come through here just to see the lake. And swim, you know."

"Doesn't anyone live here now?" my friend asked. "Well, the Cochiti do. Two miles over the hill."

The car turned toward a large, white stucco building that stood alone in the desert. "Cochiti Lake Information" was painted in large blue letters along the top. "You'll meet some Cochiti inside," said the guide. "They'll be serving you coffee."

Inside, couples were being cut out of the herd meticulously by smiling men who led them to small tables; no more than three people would fit at any one of them.

"Hello," a voice said behind me. I turned, and a thin young man with orange hair and freckles shook hands and motioned me to one of the small tables. He did not look like a land salesman.

"Where you folks from?" he smiled. "Tennessee," I said, and noticed that I was lying already. It was the kind of situation where you expected to lie, and expected

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the other man to lie, so that eventually the contest is to see who can lie the most for the longest time. But I hadn't expected it to begin so soon.

The young man, whose name was Tom Harrell, smiled. "Wonderful," he said. He looked at me for a long second and then smiled again, this time conspiratorially. He reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a small package of sugar, the kind restaurants put in bowls. He set it in the middle of the table. On the back was a picture of a 1930 Buick.

"Perhaps you have seen these," Harrell said. The three of us stared at the sugar for a moment. "It's made by Great Western United," he explained. "The same people who are building Cochiti Lake. It's a big company; in fact, it's the 345th largest company in the United States. Perhaps you've heard of Shaky's Pizza Parlors."

"Yes."

Harrell smiled. "That's us too."

He reached behind him into a leather satchel. I feared for a moment that he was about to bring out a pizza, but he produced instead a stack of display cards and laid them gently on the table. The first one read, "The Congress of the United States."

Harrell pointed to the placard. "As big as Great Western is, we aren't big enough to build Cochiti alone. In 1960, Congress authorized the Army Corps of Engineers to begin construction of the project that has resulted in Cochiti Lake. You might say we're in a partnership with the federal government."

The second placard read, "The Sovereign Cochiti Indian Nation." Harrell paused, turned slightly, and glanced through the huge glass front doors. "Just look at that land," he said. We looked, and saw a landscape of piñon and sage, a bush desert. "It's sacred. The Indians have shrines all over the hills. But they couldn't just let it rot, so they asked Great Western to develop it for them. So here you have the three partners in Cochiti Lake: the federal government, the Cochiti Nation, and Great Western."

"What do the Cochiti do now?" my friend asked. "I don't know," he said, and shrugged. "They sit around their village. We've got a couple of them working here. Couple more over at the model homes."

Behind our table an old Cochiti woman in a green frock walked toward a plastic waste can with an aerosol spray in her hand. She lifted the lid, sprayed into the container, and walked toward the next.

"Do you have any Cochiti salesmen?" I asked.

"Indians aren't the salesman type."

But Harrell was bored. He thrust the remaining placards into the briefcase and stood up. "Let's take a look around the property."

We drove to a sandy knoll. Harrell made a sweeping gesture: "Magnificent. Now, use your imagination; can you picture a complete shopping center right where you are standing?" I looked down at my feet and the wind blew small whirlpools of sand over the tops of my shoes. It was very quiet.

"It helps to picture stuff, because some of it will be a year or two in coming. So it helps if you can imagine the way it will be. Over there, for instance, will be the hotel."

We rode down the dirt road, passing lot after lot. Occasionally Harrell would shake his head. "That one went just yesterday. Fellow came in and bought three lots. He'll sell the other two and make enough to pay for the third. He got some pretty ones." It seemed that the pretty ones were going fast.

Harrell stopped the car again, but this time he just sat. His conspiratorial smile had returned. "Listen, how quiet it is," he said. "And it's going to stay this way. This is the kind of place to raise a family. Once, when I lived back East, I was afraid to go out at night. There was all that crime in the streets, and riots. Well, there won't be any riots in Cochiti."

"I'm glad you brought that up," I said. "We've had some trouble back in Tennessee. Couple of years ago we had to move out of our old neighborhood. That might happen here too."

Harrell's face brightened. "Let me show you," he said, and we sped off down a side road. "Now, the other salesmen don't know about this lot, and I've been saving it for someone like you who, well, wants to know who your neighbors will be." He laughed. "The sales manager, I might tell you, made a little mistake on this lot. Every other lot on the block went for $1,500 more than this one. I know because I sold them."

We stopped on the side of a hill where four small red flags marked a square. The hill ascended at something like 30 degrees. The slant would be a good thing, Harrell said; it would tilt us toward our view of the lake.

"Now for the surprise. I can assure you that people just like yourself have bought all the other lots on this block. There's no worry about who might move in. I've met them all myself, and they're fine people."

Harrell touched me on the elbow. "What do you think you'd pay for a piece of property like this back East?" I said I had no idea, which I didn't, and then realized that that was exactly what I was supposed to say. Harrell smiled sympathetically. "Look at the view; picture the lake." We looked and pictured.

"Five times what we're asking."

"What?"

"Five times. That's what you'd pay for a lot like this back East." Harrell walked around the lot and noted that it was large. He breathed deeply. He pictured the house we would build; he repictured the lake. He foresaw the future when we would need a refuge from the crime-crawling, riot-ridden Tennessee megalopolis. He asked us to think of our children. He said the price was $4,800.

We all sighed. It had finally been said. All the lectures on Santa Fe history, the bus ride, the free lunch, the old woman spraying deodorant on the garbage, it had all come to this, and the price was $4,800. We could turn him down now, I thought, and go home.

"Well," Harrell sighed after I had said no, "come back to the Information Office and we'll wait for the bus to leave." We returned, and waited. The bus driver sat at a corner table, smoking and drinking coffee. Our departure did not seem imminent.

"You know," Harrell said, "maybe I've made a mistake. This property is not something you really buy, because you can always get your money back. So if it's

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the money you're worried about, don't. This property is an investment, and you can't lose."

He pulled out one of the placards that he had stuffed into his briefcase two hours before. This one was titled, "Richer Living Also Means Profitable Real Estate Investment."

"I own a lot here, and I'd own more if I could afford it," Harrell said.* "If you want to sell, you just stick a sign in the ground with your phone number on it, and wait for the offers to come in."

I stood up. "Perhaps we could look at the model homes until the bus comes," I said. It was in the Ka Cha Ne model that we heard a scratching, almost like a cat, a very large one, sharpening his claws on the sofa. I peeked around the corner and saw a young Cochiti man with a yard rake. He was raking the rope rug between visits by salesmen and their clients. He raked in short, weak strokes and there was a numbness on his face that I had seen on Negro street sweepers when I was young.

Harrell walked through the door and smiled. "I've just talked to the sales manager," he said, "and we agree that you drive a hard bargain. So he's allowing me to give you a 5 per cent discount on your lot." He had a copy of the lease in his hand.

I turned and asked the Cochiti man if he would pay $4,800 for a lot at Cochiti Lake. He paused for a moment but did not answer, and I realized that both having $4,800 and spending it for a tiny fragment of an acre was as foreign to him as the green rope rug that he kept teased and fluffed for the slow parade of clients like myself.

I told Harrell we would consider his investment offer and let him know. Harrell said he could increase the discount if we bought before we left. I said no. Harrell said all right, "But don't come back tomorrow looking for your lot, because it'll be gone. Sold."

I said we'd think about it in Santa Fe. Harrell said we could reserve the lot with a $100 check. I said no, again. Harrell said we could reserve it for $50.

I looked up and saw the bus pulling toward the curb. We were saved. I never replied to Harrell's last offer, but turned for the door. The last I saw of him he was standing behind the plate glass doors, looking absently at the bus, the lease hanging limp like a rag in his left hand.

"The biggest fraud of all is the claim that these places will one day be new towns or, in some cases, new cities," says Em Hall, co-editor of *The New Mexico Review*. "If they were cities, then we could hardly object, in spite of the cost to the people who live there. But if you think of the ingredients a city must have, and then think of what Cochiti Lake will provide, you begin to see what a fake it will be. In five years, will there be schools for children, businesses to provide jobs, or even a legitimate town or government? Or will there be one home here and another a mile away, with the space in between filled with empty lots that were supposed to escalate in price and never did? I suspect it will be the latter."

Of course, Great Western United says different. Its largest brochure begins with a quotation from President Nixon: "The committee on Urban Growth has recommended that we should begin planning now for 100 cities of 100,000 each." The implication is that Cochiti Lake will be one of those cities. In other sales literature the company gives the locations of shopping centers, hotels, educational institutions and businesses that are all scheduled in the near future.

Ten years ago, the same plans were listed for California City, also owned by Great Western. In the California attorney general's report on that development, there were listed the services that California City did *not* have after its "decade of growth":

doctor	movie theatre
dentist	accountant
drugstore	lawyers (during week)
hospital or clinic	liquor store
furniture store	shoe store
department store	high school
veterinarian	bookstore
mortician	any major gasoline station

Business depends on people, and the principal reason why California City has never accumulated the services necessary for any town or city is that it has never accumulated the population to support those services. The question, then, is whether Cochiti Lake or any development like it will ever actually become a center of permanent residents.

In California, where many developments have had five to ten years to accomplish growth, the evidence indicates that they will not. In a study of Boise Cascade, which has financed more wilderness subdivisions than any other company, a Ralph Nader team recently published the buildup rates for several Boise projects:

Rancho Calaveras: 3600 parcels. Nine houses, eight of which were built by Boise as model homes.
Circle XX: 151 parcels. No houses.
Diamond XX: 190 parcels. No houses.
Bar XX: 230 parcels. One house, owned by Boise executive.
Woodland Hills: 900 parcels. Two houses.
Golden Hills: 6,000 lots. 25 houses.
Mountain Meadow: 2,000 acres. No houses.

The Nader report found that on 84,000 acres of development in the Boise empire there were approximately 100 houses. That means, says Harold Berliner, the district attorney for a California foothill county (pop. 26,500) where more than 50,000 acres have been subdivided, "that the people who invest in these properties will never get their money's worth. If you look at the prices these people pay for rural land (about $9,000 for one-quarter acre), you realize that somebody must have promised them one hell of a lot of amenities."

One such buyer is George Abrahamson of Palo Alto, who returned home from work several years ago to find his wife discussing lots with a land salesman. "The salesman had these plots, loaded with red dots—ha, ha—where people had already bought. 'Get in before it's too late,' the salesman said."

*According to the California attorney general's office, about 85 per cent of the 1,900 sales representatives for California City are part-time salesmen. They are all strongly encouraged to buy a plot and almost all of them have. Judith Brockman has sued Great Western United, claiming that after she had completed the company's sales training course, the sales manager told her that, unless she bought a plot in Cochiti Lake, she would not be taken onto the staff.

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"Now I look back on it, it's really comical. That was seven or eight years ago. Well, these maps showed schools, churches and all that. And we wanted to invest in something stable, like land."

The Abrahamsons paid $5,500 for two lots at Madera Lake Country Estates, and waited. After five years, there was no activity, no churches or schools, and Abrahamson began to think of selling as quickly as possible. But when he asked several Madera real estate agents to take on his property, they laughed. The Abrahamsons still own their property, not sure just what to do with it.

At some developments certain of the rudimentary conveniences of modern living—running water, sewers and electricity—are installed as promised, but then lot owners often discover that contrary to what they may have believed, the financial responsibility for these improvements is theirs.

The device to accomplish this financial switch goes under several names: special improvement district, incorporation of the development into a town, or a homeowners association. Sometime during the early days of the project, the developer requests from the county or other local government that his area be assigned as a special assessment district. The argument presented to the local body is that this procedure will insure the county against maintenance costs for the development. The boundaries of the district coincide with that of the development and include all those persons who buy property there. The district has the power to tax residents to pay for road, sewers, clubhouses and other improvements.

In sales literature, of course, the existence of the district is either not mentioned or buried under pages of small type. At one development called Lake of the Pines, for instance, potential buyers were told on one page of their contract that "the developer, at its own cost, agrees to construct a water system to serve this tract." On another page the special district was mentioned, along with plans for a $950,000 water system to be financed from general obligation bonds issued by the district. In other words, the lot owners would pay for the water system.

When a local district attorney also noticed that promises of no assessments appeared on public advertising for Lake of the Pines, he prosecuted the project manager and won a conviction for false advertising. The manager was suspended for two years, yet when Boise Cascade bought out the company that developed Lake of the Pines, the project manager went along as a vice president.

In California City, Mendelsohn used the more traditional method of incorporating his development into a city. With one of Mendelsohn's employees as mayor of the new town and other employees placed strategically throughout the city hierarchy, it was not difficult to persuade the city fathers to assume most of the burden for improvements that had originally been promised by Mendelsohn. At last count, the city had voted debts of more than $6,227,000, or a ratio to assessed valuation of 42 per cent. That is the highest ratio of any city in California.

And thus the three principal elements of wilderness developments turn over and over in a vicious cycle: since there are no amenities, there are no people and no businesses. Since there are no people or businesses, new buyers are not attracted. Everyone waits for the rest of the lot owners to build, so that he can sell his lot and take a profit. But no one builds, the area remains a wilderness—albeit a hacked and torn one—and the property values drop toward zero.

Because of its drama, customer fraud has become the most publicized of the evils inherent in wilderness land developments. However, the difficulty with overemphasizing the chicanery is that it suggests the conclusion that, if they were presented honestly, the developments would become a blessing to the general community. If the developer provided the amenities needed to attract business, which in turn encouraged 100 per cent buildup rates, then wilderness development would have solved its problems.

In fact, it is not so. It may well be that customer fraud, lack of proper capitalization, and general deceit have been at least a partial blessing to the local communities in which the developments are located.

It is very difficult to say just what the economic result of a fully settled wilderness land scheme would be on a rural government, chiefly because no wilderness land scheme has ever become fully settled. However, some projections can be made. In most rural areas of the United States, local governments are in woeful financial shape. Lack of business, the departure of farm families for the city, and declining farm production have drained the life out of rural county governments. Less than 20 per cent of the counties in California have been able to afford comprehensive development plans for the future. In New Mexico, there is no state plan at all. Santa Fe County, one of the most progressive in the state, is one of the few to have a local planning commission, but its annual budget is $3,000, and the commission estimates that a comprehensive plan for the county would cost at least $80,000.

District Attorney Berliner of California's Nevada County, has described the path taken by the typical developer to planning commission approval:

> After a reasonable amount of expense and time are spent telling the community businessmen that there's a gold mine in it for them if they help convince the planning commission and supervisors of the benefits of the "development," they are ready to apply for official permission to go ahead. By that time they have buttered up the local press, put a number of local people on the payroll and most things are going their way. The filings with the planning commission rely strongly on colored pictures, less on detail and still less on what the subdivider is committing himself to. He may suggest the supervisors authorize financing the improvements by selling bonds issued by the public district. This will greatly lessen the promoters' investment because the lot owners will then pay the bonds off at no cost at all to the developer.

The result is a kind of vacuum wherein county officials often have no information to contradict the promises of land development. "They came in here and promised they'd end our tax problems forever," said one Colorado County official. "They said the land development would pay the county $1 million a year when it was finished That was four years ago. Well, we haven't seen that mil-

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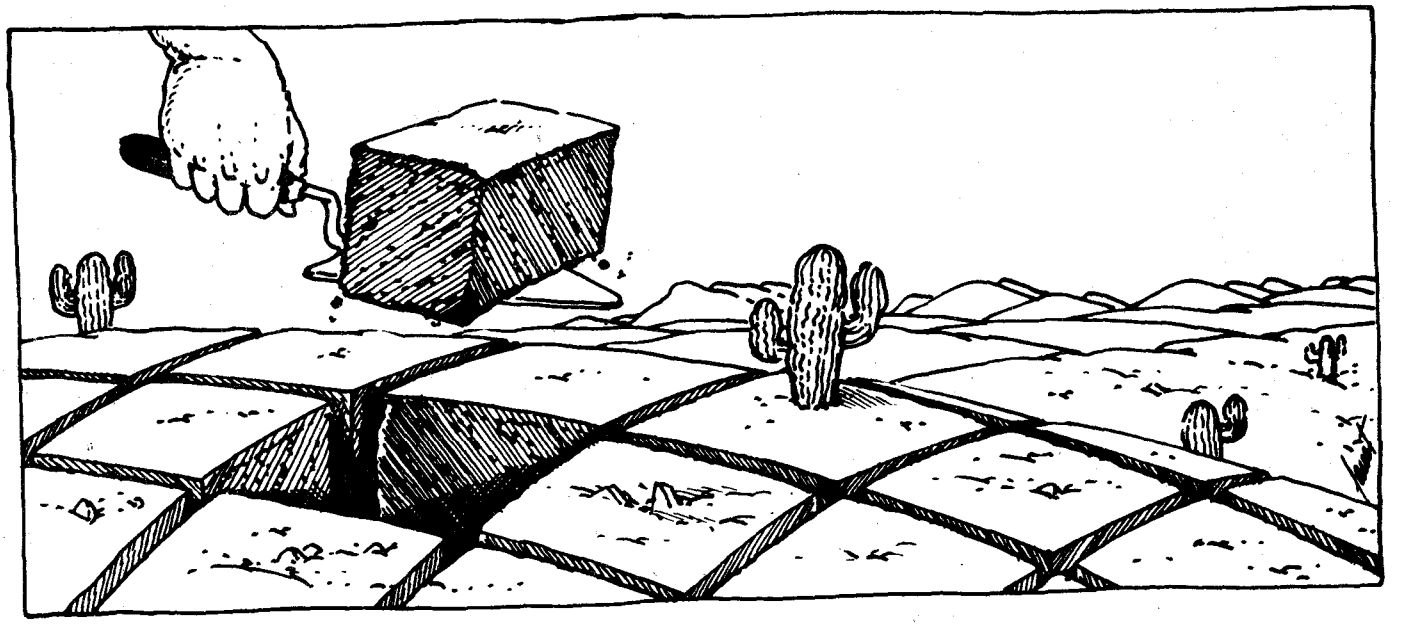

lion yet; in fact, I'd say we've lost a little on the deal."

In a study "Do New Residential Developments Pay Their Own Way?," an economist at Stanford University recently computed the total tax input and the total cost of services that would result from one large development near the town of Half Moon Bay in California.

Financed by the Westinghouse Corporation, the development calls for 1,262 residential units over 690 acres of former coastal farmland. At present the population of Half Moon Bay is 5,000 but the Westinghouse development plans to triple that population by the time their new recreational community is complete in 1980.

The Stanford study found that the new residences would produce an income for the town in the first two years of development, but "by 1977 the development will require a yearly net subsidy of over $50.000 and by 1982 this yearly figure will rise to over $400,000." The figures were determined by projecting current costs for the populace of Half Moon Bay in three areas: city government (parks, police, streets, sanitation); school costs, and fire protection.

Because the concentration of schoolchildren in a new residential community would be high, the deficit in school costs amounted to $610,000 by 1982. Although the development would pay some $1,223,000 in property taxes toward school operating costs, the expense of sending its 996 students would be $1,773,000. Service costs in fire protection and city government also produced deficits after the first two years.

Of course, the study projected only those costs that would result from a well-built development. Quality construction does not invariably prevail. At Shelter Cove in Mendocino County, California, after overcoming bitter opposition by the local Board of Supervisors, the developer hired the local public works director as project engineer and sold lots to two county planning commissioners before the project opened. Shortly thereafter, platforms were gouged out of the steep cliffs for home sites, and roads were cut in the same unstable ground that dipped sharply to the sea. The roads soon broke and cracked, becoming impassable. Since the developer had now bestowed the roads on the county as a "gift," the county was stuck with rebuilding them, at a cost of more than $2 million.

The damage to the land itself is much more difficult to measure. How much is it worth to have sea cliffs that are not so butchered that they collapse into the ocean? How much does it cost us all when vast acreages of foothills in Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico and Montana are carved into checkerboard patterns by bulldozers and left to erode for years, whether homes are built or not?

A study by the California State Department of Public Health gives some idea of the extent of damage in Nevada County, located in the high foothills of the Sierra Nevada; more than 50,000 acres have been subdivided since 1964, and although the present population of Nevada County stands at 25,000, enough lots have been platted to house some 100,000.

One of the results of these new subdivisions, the Public Health Report says, is the siltation and pollution of approximately 160 miles of streams within the county, or 37 per cent of the total stream mileage. State engineer Glen Browning, who supervises public health water and sewer inspection in Northern and Central California, says that "this type of development is the number-one environmental problem in California. Speculative subdivisions irreversibly change land-use patterns and, in some counties, subdivisions have already outstripped water supplies."

No other spot so characterizes the dangers of wilderness subdivisions as does the Lake Tahoe region of California and Nevada. For some fifty years before development began, Lake Tahoe was repeatedly suggested by the National Park Service as a possible park. That suggestion will never be made again. Lake Tahoe is surrounded today by a huge doughnut of subdivisions, each crawling up the steep, forested slopes around the lake shore. The effect on the lake, which was one of the three clearest fresh-water bodies in the world, has been disastrous. Erosion from subdivision roads has become the largest

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source of sediment draining into the lake, amounting to 48 per cent of the total. Although the central portion of Tahoe remains clear, the shoreline is often dark with great clouds of silt.

Late last year a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle* traveled around the lake shore by canoe. He described part of his trip: "The box-like homes were perched on dirt fill and surrounded by some of the murkiest water in the lake. There wasn't a tree in sight, only big clouds of dust in the distance—stirred up by several gargantuan bulldozers."

Dr. Charles Goldman, a biologist who has studied Lake Tahoe's problems for years, said in a report: "The rate of growth of algae in the lake's water has increased by about 70% in the last decade. . . . Siltation from new roads and subdivisions is very serious and if unabated will continue the eutrophication of the lake."

But the destruction of a beautiful lake is only one of the problems that subdivisions have brought to Lake Tahoe. For when the cheese boxes of suburbia suddenly alight in the wilderness by the thousands, they do not come alone. They bring with them the hamburger stands and filling stations, the noise, the everyday dreariness of Orange County, San Jose or New Rochelle.

At least thirty-five states in addition to the federal government have legislation that purports to exert some control over recreational land development. But almost invariably the legislation, whether state or federal, attempts to legitimatize or cleanse the process rather than reduce or eliminate it. It is similar to a doctor trying to cure a cancer patient by giving him a hot bath. His appearance may benefit, but the cancer is still there.

The federal legislation is administered through the Office of Interstate Land Sales Registration in the Department of Housing and Urban Development. OILSR has powers that, if used well, could make the agency a formidable opponent of the developers. The office can require disclosure of information concerning sewers, water availability, transportation and the like for any development engaged in interstate sales. It can make public investigations into questionable operations, issue subpoenas, hold administrative hearings, and suspend interstate sales. In addition, it can request the Department of Justice to bring criminal charges carrying up to a $5,000 fine or five years in jail or both.

Yet, in more than two years of operation the agency has proved to be something less than its powers would imply. Although OILSR has received and handled some 1,500 written complaints, so far no developer has been fined, nor has any been sent to jail. There have been no administrative hearings and only five developers have had their right to sell land in interstate commerce temporarily suspended. Last summer, the first director of the office, Alfred J. Lehtonen, joined Horizon Land Corporation, one of the largest land developers in the country.

Roy P. Cookston, the new head of OILSR, admits that the agency's record of prosecution "has not been the most outstanding." However, OILSR now has plans for its first set of administrative hearings, he said, although the date has not been set. Cookston also points out that about 100 developers had been dealt with administratively. The administrative action against fifteen developers, for instance, required them to file affidavits at OILSR headquarters, promising to refund payments to lot owners upon request. When a Washington *Star* reporter asked how a lot owner could get his money back if he didn't know about the affidavit, Cookston admitted the question was "difficult."

To police the national land development industry, which has been estimated to be the nation's sixth largest business, HUD has given OILSR forty employees. Most of them are based in Washington, and most land developers are far west of the Mississippi. And although two investigators for the office do search throughout the country for developers who have not registered with HUD, Cookston admits that their job is hopeless and impossible. "I talked recently with a real estate commissioner in Michigan," he said. "He estimated that in his state alone there may be as many as 10,000 recreational land developments."

Whatever OILSR's effectiveness within its own mandate, the real responsibility for control over wilderness development lies with state and local governments. Control of land use has traditionally been a local concern. It would, in fact, be impossible for a federal agency to pass judgment on each of the thousands of developments throughout the country. And while the federal government must rely on registration and information disclosure for regulation, the states could control wilderness subdivisions more directly through land use plans.

Most Western states, if they do have a plan, have no means for enforcing it at the local level. The California plan is typical. It has no force of law, which is perhaps a good thing, for the document is so vague as to defy specific interpretation. The president of California Tomorrow, a conservation group, has called it "a pile of mush."

California has switched its reliance, therefore, to information disclosure statutes similar to the OILSR registration. The Subdivided Lands Act forces every developer to file an extensive list of information with the California Real Estate Commission. The data required include a list of services provided in the development, who will pay for them, where the nearest schools and fire protection are situated, the assessed value of the land, flood danger, shopping facilities, etc.

The developer must wait until the commission issues a report, based on the information he has supplied, before selling his property. Every customer must be shown a copy of the report before or at the time of sale. The potential of the law, then, is double: it encourages customer knowledge of the defects or disadvantages of that particular real estate; and, theoretically, it can stop the sale of a development by refusing to issue the report at all.

A recent Ralph Nader study of land control in California describes the shortcomings of the Subdivided Lands Act: "It gives no one authority to determine what land is to be subdivided and when. There is virtually no control on the environmental impact. There is no state minimal control in terms of restrictions or quality. The developer is free, as far as the state is concerned, to do whatever he pleases with the land before the report is issued, except sell it. He can blacktop it all."

Those would be the only problems if the Act, weak as it is, were followed. But it isn't. The information provided by the developers has often proved misleading, and

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at times even the largest developers, such as Boise Cascade, have improperly advertised their wares before the Real Estate Commission's report was issued.

If such violations are detected by the commission, the result is usually a "Desist and Refrain Order." According to the Nader report, "since this is in itself sanctionless and since penalties will only accrue when *this* has been violated, developers can feel free to lie and ignore regulations at will until they get this useful warning. They are given one bite free. Any possible deterrent effect of this law is precluded at the outset."

California land developers are also subject to the Subdivision Map Act which, if anything, has been less successful than the Subdivisions Act. In effect, it requires that the developer file with the county a final map of his subdivision, and that the final map be approved by a local body. But the Act does not provide standards by which the local planning board should judge the developer.

Again, the Nader report: "Virtually no new development in California is planned by anyone but the developer. The fact that local communities everywhere are in competition with each other for property (and sales) tax revenue, plus the forces of public corruption imposed by developers at the local level, guarantees anarchy so long as the state fails to intervene."

Possibly, the state has now begun to intervene. A series of five bills submitted by San Francisco Assemblyman Leo McCarthy would begin to fill in the enormous holes in present regulations. Local planning boards would be given minimum criteria for a general county plan. The scope of the plan would be enlarged to include such environmental concerns as increased erosion, siltation of streams, public health hazards, and the public's right of access. If the county finds that the subdivision violates any of the new criteria, it will be empowered to reject the subdivision. "Surprisingly enough, at present the law does not permit a county to reject a land project for environmental reasons," says McCarthy.

In addition, local bodies would be given greater access to state environmental and public health services to help determine the effect of a proposed land project. The counties' own funds for researching new projects would also be increased through a 5 per cent sales tax levied on each lot, to be paid by the seller. McCarthy estimates that such a tax might bring in $2 million to $4.5 million a year. Such moneys would be earmarked for land use studies, environmental impact studies and improvements in the county general plan.

Finally, the California Real Estate Commission would be required to prohibit lot sales of any project until the project's owners supplied evidence that promised amenities would be completed, that the project would not violate local zoning, and would not result in environmental damage to the land or water in its boundaries.

This package, encased in five separate bills, is what the Sierra Club's California lobbyist calls "something we've been trying to get for years," and all five bills appear to have a good chance of passage.

In Colorado, a similar program has begun under the authority of the Colorado Land Use Commission. Again, the emphasis of the program is to supply local governments with the resources to meet the barrage of technical studies, maps, plans and planners that corporate land projects can assemble.

But no one argues that these programs will stop the subdivision of the wilderness. "We'll cut out the slacker, the cheapo operator, we'll get the frauds and the fly-by-nights and throw them out. But I don't think we'll get the big boys, the ones who have the money to meet the regulations," says Claude D. Peters, director of the Colorado Land Use Commission.

One Sierra Club director said: "Don't get me wrong, I'm all for the [McCarthy] bills. But I'm afraid that the land projects will continue. The developers will just have to pay more to do it right, and they'll charge higher prices for their lots. Right now we're exporting Orange County and spreading it over the hills. In two years we may be exporting Westchester County."

Nonetheless, California and Colorado are far ahead of other Western states. The more typical case is New Mexico, which has been subjected to some of the most destructive projects in the country. Last summer a relatively mild bill was dropped into the hopper by state Rep. Jamie Koch. His proposal would have given the New Mexico Health and Social Services Department review power over water supply, waste disposal, and open space provisions for developments throughout the state. But the bill was killed and New Mexico regulations remain, according to John Doeble of Harvard, totally inadequate to the ecological, economic and political problems posed by land projects.

Over the past decades, as small farmers left for the city by the thousands, control of the nation's rural areas fell more and more into the hands of the largest corporations. In California alone Tenneco, formerly Tennessee Gas and Transmission, controls more than 1 million acres. Southern Pacific owns more than 3 million acres, much of it prime forest and mountain country in the Sierra Nevada.

For years, the huge holdings of companies like Southern Pacific and Tenneco have either lain dormant, used as tax shelters or as mammoth farming operations. Southern Pacific, which used most of its properties for timber, is now taking another look at its mountains. The company recently established the Southern Pacific Land Company as a wholly owned subsidiary for the purpose of "better utilization of its real estate holdings." As Sidney Allen, financial editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* noted when the company was established: "The large holdings in the areas of Lake Tahoe and Trinity Forest, which now produce one of the largest sustained yield timber crops in the West, obviously have recreational value. So might some of the 150,000 acres farmed on a crop sharing basis in the San Joaquin Valley." Obviously. Tenneco has seen the same prospect for its vast properties in the Kern plateau of Southern California, and has already begun developments in half a dozen areas.

The enormous advantage of these companies is the size of their holdings. Unlike Boise Cascade, or most other developers, they won't have to go through the expensive hustle of putting together acreages large enough to develop. They already own it. Further, the resources of a billion-dollar corporation like Southern Pacific will enable it to survive the stricter regulations governing California's wilderness subdivisions.

Meanwhile, 800 miles to the south, the machines of

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Cochiti Lake dig, cut and fill. The towers of the dam have been built and a sign by the road testifies that they are the tallest structures in all of New Mexico. That sign has been cut down three times in the past several months. The Cochiti Lake man tells his sales tours that the sawing was done by "young hoodlums from town." But town is 35 miles away; if pressed, he will whisper, "You're right, it's the Cochitis. They sneak out at night and cut 'em down with chain saws. I can't figure it out. They don't seem to know who their friends are." □

THE WORKING-CLASS MAJORITY

ANDREW LEVISON
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Over the past ten years or more, as one group after another in America has arisen to express its discontents, each such eruption has provoked a re-evaluation of the social stucture as a whole. The exception to this is labor, whose complaints have aroused instead a revival of the common wisdom of the 1950s.

The essence of this common wisdom is that only a rapidly shrinking minority of Americans are manual workers. As a kind of adjunct to this, blue-collar discontent is seen as stemming from the desire to advance from "middle-income" status to "affluence." The sociological foundation of the American dream, that America is in its majority a white-collar or middle-class society, remains basically unchallenged.

This would not be important if the vision of American society which resulted were providing a sound framework for liberal strategy in dealing with labor. However, as is now clear, the failure to recognize the power and understand the discontents of the forgotten Americans has been the key failure of nearly every major social movement of the 1960s, and a major factor in electing Nixon to the Presidency. The record is sufficiently dismal to make it imperative that a more realistic view of labor's place in American society be found.

Quite contrary to the popular wisdom and the euphoric dream, a majority of Americans are still basically working class. A majority of Americans are *manual* workers, employed in dull, noncreative, essentially physical labor. Also, while they do aspire to affluence, the cutting edge of their present discontent is that they cannot afford even the more modest requirements of their own "middle-income" (or working-class) culture. The real change after World War II was, in fact, in the political and intellectual climate, not the social structure, of America.

One point must be made at the outset: almost all the conclusions in this discussion are true for both black and white labor. In those cases where there is a difference, it will be pointed out. Also, since the level of black participation in many occupations is rapidly increasing, and is already strategic in certain industries, to a greater and greater extent the discontents of blacks and the discontents of labor will become the same.

Taking the problem of occupational structure first, the difficulty is not a lack of facts. The Census Bureau, in its detailed occupational breakdown of the population, lists several hundred specific jobs and the number of people who do them. Rather, the problem lies in dividing these occupations into meaningful categories.

The basic distinction which people make in everyday life, and the one on which the popular notion of a middle-class society is based, is between manual labor on the one hand, and professional or managerial work on the other. The popular conception, and one which is quite empirically valid, is that manual workers, whether janitors, mailmen, factory workers or cashiers, have in common dull and repetitive, low-paying, low-status jobs which require little education and offer little independence or control. These workers live in the same neighborhoods, engage in the same recreations and essentially constitute a distinct subculture. They are the archetypal "forgotten Americans."

Managerial or intellectual-professional occupations are also lumped together in the common-sense understanding of class, and again, validly. In terms of salary, prestige, necessary education and opportunity for creativity or independent action on the job, they are similar. These "middle-class" Americans also live in the same neighborhoods, are exposed to the same media, and so forth.

Although it contains several gray areas, this distinction between manual labor and professional-managerial work is the common-sense understanding of the dichotomies—working class/middle class or blue collar/white collar. When America is described as a white-collar society, the image that leaps to mind is the man behind the desk or the doctor on call.

This may seem only too obvious, but it is important to define working-class and middle-class jobs in the way they are used in common speech before entering the somewhat hallucinated world of the Census Department.

The statistic which is always given as proof of the "middle-class" nature of American society is that white-collar workers outnumber blue-collar workers 47.3 to 36.2 per cent. However, while many political commentators and social scientists have taken this as license to announce a new era in human history, a careful examination of the definitions involved shows that the middle-class majority is a product of what might be called the "Saigon Press Release" technique of American statistics. The American working class, like the Vietcong, has been annihilated by definition.

To be specific, the Census Bureau's definition of "blue collar" includes only those workers who are involved in production or distribution. Occupations such as garbage collectors, waiters, elevator operators, police and other municipal service workers, along with other equally manual jobs, are in a different category called "service work-

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ers." Farm workers are also put in a separate category. Thus the "blue-collar" category is a fragment of the total employment in manual jobs.

The white-collar category is simultaneously swelled by throwing in with the professionals and managers some very dubious occupations; for example, mail carriers, mimeograph operators, cashiers, typists, telephone operators and supermarket employees are listed as white collar.

The absurdity of this classification system as an indication of social class is evident when it is noted that neither the Bell Telephone strike of last spring nor the postal workers' strike of a few years ago would be labeled "blue collar." The paralysis of New York by municipal workers in June would also not be the work of "blue-collar" workers.

It is a fairly simple (though laborious) job to revise the basic occupational data into a somewhat more familiar form. Using the common-sense definitions, the result for 1969 is presented in the adjoining table.

Occupational Data for 1969

White Collar	per cent	42 to 44 per cent Middle Class
Professional & Technical	13.8	
Managers & Proprietors	10.2	
Farm Managers	2.2	
Clerical & Sales (white collar)*	16.-18.	
Blue Collar		**56 to 58 per cent Working Class**
Clerical & Sales (manual workers)*	5.-7.	
Craftsmen & Foremen; Operatives; Nonfarm Laborers	36.2	
Service Workers	12.2	
Farm Workers	2.	

From the Manpower Report of the President, 1970.

*The two clerical and sales categories were created from the single census category "Clerical and Sales," as explained in the text.

The preponderance of working-class jobs is clear. (In fact, the 5 to 7 per cent extracted from the white-collar clerical and sales category may be an underestimation, owing to gaps in the Census Department data.)

However, in addition to the simple misclassification of certain occupations, the white-collar majority concept is profoundly misleading for another reason.

While the professional and managerial groups account for only 26 per cent of the population, the huge clerical and sales category constitutes the rest of the white-collar segment. This clerical and sales category, in addition to concealing many manual jobs, is also overwhelmingly occupied by women. Rather than being a distinctive social group, these women are often the wives of blue-collar workers, supplementing the family income with part-time jobs. Many live in blue-collar neighborhoods and share in the blue-collar culture. Academic studies have shown that about half of them consider themselves "working class" and fall into that category on a number of psychosocial variables.

Thus the occupational distribution for men alone is, in a certain sense, a far better guide to the size of the "middle class" in America. In fact, about *60* per cent of males are working class by our definition, with *48* per cent in the traditional blue-collar industrial category.

The point is clear. A solid majority of Americans are in manual working-class jobs, and nearly every second man in the street is in the blue-collar industrial occupations. The so-called decline of the working class is, in fact, a result of dubious definitions and of placing blue-collar wives who take part-time jobs in the white-collar category.

One last point needs to be made on this topic. Some of the more sophisticated sociologists did not join in the pre-emptive elimination of the working class, but contented themselves with noting a long-range trend toward the end of manual labor. Two points are sufficient. First, in absolute numbers every working-class occupation (except farm workers) is rising, and will continue to do so through 1980. Second, the relative decline is insignificant. The Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates it at 2 per cent for semi-skilled workers, no change for skilled workers, and a relative increase for service workers between now and 1980. Thus, as defined by occupation, America is predominantly working class, and no change is in sight.

While the confusion about the occupational structure of America was based on concrete (though misinterpreted) data, the "affluent worker" has less concrete foundation.

There are two variants of the theory. One is that the majority of Americans are in fact "affluent." The past years have so thoroughly destroyed this illusion that it is unnecessary to do so here. The other, somewhat more realistic concept is that the classic discontents of the working class have been eliminated. While not living like company presidents, they have economic security, freedom from fear of illness or old age, and live a life style, if not of luxury, then of comfort. In economic terms, it is thought, they have transcended the working class and become sort of junior partners in the middle class.

As with the occupational structure, the last year has brought sharper understanding of the economic conditions of blue-collar workers. Labor's argument that wages have for years lagged behind prices has finally gained widespread currency. While this point is central to the continuing polemics about inflation, it is somewhat deceptive as an indicator of the position of labor in relation to poverty and affluence. Weekly earning figures do not translate directly into living standards, because they ignore the income from working wives and overtime on the one hand, and the loss of income from unemployment and underemployment on the other. (The skilled trades, in particular, have had their yearly income wildly overstated because of the assumption that the weekly income times fifty equals the yearly earnings. A significant number cannot find employment fifty weeks a year.)

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A more accurate description of conditions can be obtained by comparing the total family income of all Americans with the Bureau of Labor Statistics' calculations of yearly budget costs. The proper use of these budgets for analysis has become an issue in the arguments about social conditions, so it is necessary to be precise about what the Labor Department's "three standards of living" constitute.

Although it uses the neutral terms "lower," "intermediate" and "upper" to describe the standards of living it presents, the "three standards of living" is really the first calculation which implicitly recognizes that there are three distinct socio-economic cultures in the United States: the poverty culture, the working-class culture, and the culture of middle-class affluence. These three budgets represent how much it costs to live a relatively stable life, to make do from year to year, on a poor, working-class or middle-class socio-economic level.

The intermediate budget is easily recognizable as the culture of the blue-collar worker. It is the world of Sears Roebuck furniture, $4 Bourbon, and six-year-old cars traded in for two-year-old models. It is not a standard of affluence, or even one that can pass as such to a people raised on the American dream, but it constitutes the cost of living that some unions call a "shabby but respectable" life. Although it makes some estimates from the statistically average consumer, it is in general exactly what society has defined as a stable working-class standard of living.

In only one fundamental sense is it misleading. Because it is a budget, it includes no savings whatsoever. Thus, at every level, a family earning this minimum is not stable —it is either suffering profound economic insecurity, or is really living at a significantly lower level, in order to save.

The following table presents the breakdown of family income in 1970. In that year, the "intermediate" (working-class) standard of living was $10,664; the "upper" (middle-class) budget was $15,511.

Income in 1970*

Income in thousands	Per Cent of American families at this level	Cumulative	
1-5	19.3	19.3	
5-7	11.8	31.1	54 per cent of U.S.
7-9	13.2	44.3	families below "in-
9-10	6.7	51.	termediate"
10-12	12.7	63.7	78.5 per cent be-
12-15	14.1	77.8	low affluence
15 and up	22.2	100	

*From the Department of Commerce, Current Population Reports. Consumer Income Series, P. 60, #78.

The conclusion that must be drawn from this chart is striking—a majority of the families in the United States are not only "sub-affluent" but cannot afford even the substantially more modest requirements of a stable working-class life style. The majority is not hovering between "blue-collar life" and affluence but between the upper limit of poverty and a stable working-class life. This result is so startling and seemingly paradoxical that one might almost reject it out of hand, if it were not that for several years labor leaders have been arguing that this is in fact the case.

It must be noted that this is not solely the result of black poverty pulling down the average. A majority of *white* families are below the intermediate budget. Nor is it the effect of rural areas. The median income of most workers (factory operatives and service workers) is substantially below the intermediate budget. Only skilled workers and families with working wives surpass it, and both these groups are minorities. It must also be noted that because this is *family* income, it is also mainstream America. The unemployed ghetto youth, the old pensioner, the voluntarily poor hippy are all excluded.

To conclude the picture of economic conditions, the element missing in the standard budgets, savings, must be considered. Savings are inversely related to standard of living: the more a family saves, the less it has to spend. Therefore, as the average American has about $750 in the bank, the percentage who actually spend at the "intermediate" level is significantly lower. Probably close to 60 per cent of American families, because they have some savings, cannot consume on the level society has defined as a stable working-class budget.

While they do depress the current standard of living, the positive side of savings is economic security and the achievement of long-range goals like college education.

The degree of this security can be gauged from a 1969 survey of the savings of American families. (Savings increased in the intervening year and a half, so in this case, the situation is slightly better than the statistics suggest.)

Two-thirds of American families could not, without going into debt, pay for their child's tuition and required fees at a public university; 83 per cent could not handle the total expenses; 67 per cent could not pay for major medical expenses of $2,000 without insurance; a majority of 55 per cent could not afford even $1,000. Lastly, 42 per cent of the American people could not take a two-week vacation (at $30 a day for the entire family) without borrowing the money.

Thus, in a statistical sense at least, the middle-class majority is a myth. The majority of Americans are working class, not middle class. Economic insecurity, manual labor and a life style based on scarcity, even in relation to a "middle-income" standard of living, is the condition of a majority of Americans.

The political consequences of the "middle-class America" myth have been far-reaching and destructive. They lead liberals to underestimate the political power of labor, to lack understanding for, and sympathy with, their discontents, and to express the thinly veiled condescension that was George Wallace's greatest political asset.

The result is that every major movement led by middle-class liberals, the anti-war movement and the environmental movement in particular, has foundered on the problem of winning working-class support.

The political shape of the seventies, and of 1972 in particular, will depend on healing this antagonism. The essential first step is to recognize the power and legitimate discontents of this "forgotten majority." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Apple Pie and Crazy People

WILLIAM SAROYAN
Mr. Saroyan's latest book is Days of Life and Death and Escape to the Moon *(Dial). His new book,* Places Where I have Done Time, *will be published in the spring (Praeger).*

More people eat than dine—probably at a ratio of about 100,000 to 1.

Bobby Gentry sings of a family at work in a cotton field, breaking at noon to go home and eat (three syllables, which you'd be likely to believe is impossible until you have heard Miss Gentry do it). Never before have I noticed such a small word dwelt upon so abundantly. For the very sudden brevity of the word, another songwriter might have made it "sit down and eat." I considered the achievement a large one, and discovered that I was ready to eat, too, even though I had just had a substantial breakfast. But when somebody in the song interrupted the recitation of the sorrowful story by saying pass the biscuits, please, I didn't feel, had I been 18, anti-war and cheated at love, that I would care to jump off the Tallahatchie Bridge. Rather, I thought, I'd be inclined to think about little words doing large jobs, and disconnected remarks at table making the mind exult like lizards in light.

Whit Burnett, in his classic autobiography, *The Literary Life and the Hell With It,* tells of a hearty lady of middle years being informed at table by a special runner that her husband had just died of a heart attack. The lady continued to ladle an aromatic brew into her mouth, saying, "Just let me finish this borsht, and will I give out a yell?"

The great American novelist from Nebraska, Willa Cather, rated the people in her books according to their ability to sit at a table and both eat and engage in pleasant conversation.

My late cousin Sooney was so addicted to a secret fight with society, beginning with his immediate family, that petty stealing and absurd dishonesty early burdened him with a sense of guilt so outrageous that whenever at table he hung his head over his food and ate without looking to left or right. When we were both almost 18 having chili at the Coney Island on Tulare Street I asked him about this stance at food and he said, "My sympathies are with the convicts."

"Even so, you can lift your head, can't you, while you're eating?"

"And betray my convictions?—Oh no you don't."

Convicts.

Convictions.

And I knew that as usual he was away out there somewhere, alone, in a sunny field of comedy. About eighteen years later he was killed in one of the landings at one of the islands in the Pacific, but for years his immediate family believed he hadn't been killed, he had done something that gave the *appearance* of *somebody* having been killed, but that he himself in due time would turn up, accept a large plate of Armenian food at a kitchen table, hang his head and eat. His father died, his mother died, his brothers and sisters hardly ever remembered him—and then of course he *was* in fact dead.

That whole branch of the family were eaters, not diners, although Sooney himself frequently extended his little finger in lifting a mug of coffee to his big mouth for a gulp, not a sip. Why the little edge of elegance? To amuse Jesus, one suspects.

My own immediate family appeared to be diners, although our best meals were served as if our table were still in Bitlis, near Lake Van, just south of Ararat, and not in a rickety frame house on a dusty street in Fresno. That is to say, we sat at a round table, at the center of which was the main course—a rich stew composed of cut-up lamb, tomatoes, bell peppers, eggplant, okra, squash, garlic, parsley, spices, and of course those ineffables which describe the character of the cook—in this instance my mother's mother Lucy, an inspired if non-recipe and non-measuring cook. The result was frequently so near an achievement of genius that my own sleep is still haunted by flavors now forever lost. Until Lucy was willing to believe there was good reason for her to get the hang of America, whatever she cooked was served and dined upon in the old country manner: the family dish at the center of the table, smaller dishes around it, paper-thin flatbread within reach of everyone. No cutlery. A piece of flatbread about twice the size of an egg would be gently dipped into the pot of stew, to the diner's choice of meat and vegetable, and slowly and easily carried to the mouth, where it all went in, in one easy gesture. If there is flatbread around, I find that I still enjoy taking a meal in this manner.

Flatbread is used in the same manner in dining on the Armenian salad, which to me is in celebration of the arrival of another summer. The secret of the salad is to forget anything in the lettuce family. Ripe red tomatoes from which the very thin outer skin has been peeled—by dipping the tomatoes for a minute or two in boiling water. Large onions, preferably of a sweet family, purple or white, sliced thick and then chopped, but not too fine. All parts are to be noticed for what they are.

Good, large, crisp, cold bell peppers—before I go on I must remark that to this day my brother Henry eats big cold bell peppers as if eating them were the equivalent of eating an apple. Halve the bell peppers, remove the white cluster of pulp and seed, quarter it, and then make pieces as you please, although many people prefer making slivers. Boiled cold zucchini, almost not peeled—cut up, as preferred. Baked cold eggplant, peeled and cut up. Crisp cucumbers lightly peeled and cut lengthwise, and then some pieces further chopped, a few pieces not. Flatleaf parsley squeezed into a ball so that when you chop it fine and put it with the other stuff it virtually disappears but gives a pleasant summertime scent to the whole thing. And that may be the key to the appeal of the Armenian summer salad. The scent—of good summer growth, of coolness, of summer's heavy-laden ripe air, and of course of olive oil and plain ordinary vinegar. Don't mess with lemon juice instead of vinegar—you'll get something, but it won't be the Armenian salad. Ample salt—the Armenians tend to use salt abundantly, no doubt because the body needs more salt in the summertime—and, if you like, a little coarse ground pepper. If where you are has good natural tap water, put a pitcher of it on the table, with cubes of ice in the water if you like, but regular cool water is better in relation to the breathing and tasting of the salad as it is eaten. If you have no flatbread, use sourdough French. If there's none of that, use any real bread-bread—rye will be just fine.

Now, puffy soft white bread also has its place in a mutation of a meal

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brought over from the highlands of Armenia. Take a great big summertime eggplant, wash it, don't peel it, don't salt it, don't take the so-called bitter juice out of it—it isn't juice and it isn't bitter; somebody got the idea that it was bright to make slices of eggplant sweat from salting and then washing—all nonsense. Slice the eggplant from large end to stem end, about a quarter of an inch thick. Heat a cup or a cup and a half of olive oil in a heavy (or light, if that's what you have), large frying pan. Without further cutting get one or two of the slices into the hot oil and watch them. The oil may disappear into the slices, whereupon add more oil. When brown on one side, a very nice color, turn them over, and brown on the other—but brownness isn't the idea: the slices should get cooked through, drenched in oil, soft, limp. Put five or six cloves of garlic into a press and mash them through and into a cup or two of good honest vinegar which is at the bottom of a deep glass bowl. When the slices of eggplant are ready, put them into the vinegar with the mashed garlic in it, and then with the soft fresh bread make a sandwich, and *eat* it, standing. Forget dining on this particular dish. It's worth it.

One slice of eggplant to a sandwich, but there is no law that says you can't have two—the thing is for the whole business to be aromatic, fresh, hot, sopping, and *now*, as the kids say—like this is it. The preparing and eating of these eggplant sandwiches is good for the soul. But then of course all food is, or at any rate all food that is on purpose, so to put it.

In case I left the Armenian summer salad dangling somewhere high in July, make this salad around dusk and sit right down and eat it with whatever good bread you can manage, drinking cold water as you go along. After that, look at trees and vines if you've got any, or if not go for a walk and look at people. This salad improves what you see when you look, no matter what you look at.

The cuisine of the immediate branch of the family of which I was and am a member has many large *productions* of the table, too, for special occasions—stuffed tripe, or haggis, for instance, although we call it for some reason salbador. I never learned how that happened, though. Sour cabbage stew with lamb and wheat kernels, called gorgote. Bulghour pilaf with chopped brown onions. But it goes on and on, and there is no point in *naming* stuff. Each dish is well within the skill of anybody to prepare, if they want to bother.

Most of us most of the time don't, which brings me to the part about apple pie and crazy people.

In 1939 when I had my first two plays on Broadway and was one of the wonder boys of the street, loaded with money and enthusiasm about everybody, and knew that all of us were going to see now that nobody who happened to be in the world was going to get a raw deal—nobody was going to be cheated, embarrassed, ridiculed, kept out of anything, hurt, belittled, or looked down the nose upon—in that strange year, which was the last year of the innocence of the Western world, I continued to take snacks and meals in the Automat on 57th Street just off 6th Avenue.

George Jean Nathan, who never ate a meal in his life, who always dined, sitting at the corner table downstairs at 21, just beyond the old bar, one day asked in his high-pitched voice—pitched high for comedy, that is—"But your pockets are lined with *gold*, what do you go to the Automat *for*?"

To which I replied, "Apple pie and crazy people," impelling him to reflect on the remark as if he might be on the verge of a new insight into the plays of Strindberg, O'Casey and O'Neill, while the two Chinese girls at the table continued to smile demurely, saying very softly, "Ah so." Later, Nathan confessed that they were Japanese girls, but for some reason they preferred to say they were Chinese.

"What *sort* of crazy people?" he said at length.

"Well," I said, "if three or four of *them* were to come from the Automat to this bar at 21 and look over at us, at this table, the sort *they* would see at this table."

In short, a certain touch of madness does attend people at table, or even standing and eating.

On a troopship going secretly from Brooklyn to Swansea in 1944 thousands of us ate, like at troughs, but other hundreds *couldn't* eat at all, seated, standing, or lying down: sick of the sea, and sick of everything else. That was a long crossing, and a lot of meals were served, although it was two a day per man. Well, invariably, some of the madness of people at the business of taking food was demonstrated every night by a hillbilly boy from somewhere in the Ozarks who swung his guitar into position after his meal, and strummed and sang, "She rides the limousine, I buy the gasoline, hot dog, that's where my money goes, O boy, that's where my money goes." He had it all wrong, of course, but better than if he'd had it all right. Invariably, soon all of the diners at the troughs were singing with him—all of the words incorrect, but the roar of it like some kind of celestial statement, as if by a great choir, like that of the Mormon Tabernacle, for instance: "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high: hide me, O my Savior, hide, till the storm of life be past; safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last."

After which (for a last for instance) the members of The First Armenian Presbyterian Church of Fresno in 1918 went home to Sunday dinner, with their appetites properly prepared for the taking of a holy meal. □

In Search of Safe-Conduct

EFRAIM'S BOOK. *By Alfred Andersch. Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim. Doubleday & Co. 306 pp. $6.95.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN
Mr. Markmann, a frequent contributor, is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. He is currently at work on an analytical study of an aspiring American dynasty and on The Grubs of Academe, *an examination of community colleges in a state educational system.*

George (Georg) Efraim, the narrator of Alfred Andersch's new novel, is a baptized German Jew in his early 40s who was sent to stay with a London uncle in childhood, a year before the Second World War, and who has returned to his native Berlin in 1962 on a British passport at the request of the editor of the Conservative British weekly for which he is a correspondent. Andersch's novel is about Mr. Efraim's gestating novel, and one is likely to say at once that this is hardly promising. Matters are not brightened by the fact that Efraim is a singularly vacillating fellow ruled almost entirely by the kind of self-hatred that is often called Jewish.

Efraim has never known why he is what and who he is and why he might not equally have been entirely different. A man who has always eschewed ownership of anything but his old green sports car, he frequently leaves that car in airport parking lots for weeks at a time, even—and this is unbelievable since he knows Rome and Romans—Fiumicino. He begins almost unwillingly to write his

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novel after an encounter with a Communist actress not much more than half his age, with whom he almost falls in love but, because of psycho-sexual problems that make him a subtler and more sympathetic Portnoy, cannot bring himself to make love to.

The proximate cause of Efraim's visit to Berlin from his post in Rome is the fact that Keir Horne, his editor, wants him to try to find what has happened to Horne's illegitimate half-Jewish daughter, Esther, whom Efraim had known as a child and who had simply disappeared with her dog one afternoon in 1938. Her mother, like Efraim's parents, was subsequently killed in Auschwitz. In part, too, Efraim wants to see the house in which he had been brought up, but, when he finds it, he is even more embarrassed than the woman who is now living in it as a tenant of the city. And under everything is the constant reflection that Meg, Efraim's Midlands wife, is the mistress of his friend and boss, Horne. Horne and Efraim alike are in a professional decline and know it. Horne, moreover, had never moved a finger to save his daughter when he could have done so, and now he has the luxury of guilt.

There are thus situations in the novel but in the conventional sense no story, since there are no conclusions. Anna, the actress living in West Berlin, never quite goes back to Rome with Efraim; he never really learns what happened to Esther after she was hidden by the Carmelite nuns in Berlin; nor does he, on visits to London, ever confront Horne about Meg. He never learns, or tries especially hard to learn, why sexual activity except with Meg repels him. And, when he has finished his resented book, Efraim is still insisting as he has done all along that he "might just as well have been an Italian, a Negro, a wolf or a motor car as a Jew, Englishman and German." And yet—or perhaps *and therefore*—I found it impossible to interrupt the reading of this novel, so exemplarily translated by Ralph Manheim that one is hardly aware that it is a translation.

While there is no tidily packaged story, there is the much greater artistry of character creation. It would appear from all the evidence that Andersch has never been a Jew (he was a newspaper editor in Germany and a prisoner of war in this country after his graduation from Dachau) or a woman. Yet Efraim is the archetype of the fortuitous Jew of this century, and Anna, even though known only through Efraim, is anything but a man's "notion" of a woman confronting the complexities and curbs put upon her by the peculiar society of postwar Berlin.

At the party at which he meets Anna —the kind of party given every night on the same stage set and mostly with the same people from Warsaw to San Francisco—Efraim overhears someone announce an intent to keep going all night until he is "gassed," and almost automatically Efraim, who that day has visited what had been his parents' house in Wannsee, hits the man. Yet Efraim cannot even contemplate going to Israel: "If I am condemned to live in a ghetto, then at least let it be not a public, collective ghetto, but a private, closed one; then I prefer to build my own ghetto, a Jew alone among goyim, respected or despised, liked or disliked, it doesn't matter, I want neither to be loved nor hated, all I ask for is a safe-conduct. . . ." One could wish for a fraction of such perceptiveness among the horde of American novelists who have reversed the *numerus clausus*.

Anna, like Efraim, has been in search of herself, but for all her relative youth she is much farther along the road. However torn by her divided city, however bound—voluntarily—to her widowed father, however restricted by her

REVIEW OF NATIONAL LITERATURES

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political commitment, which at least is intellectually understood and not merely felt as a pulsation, however ambivalent toward her young occasional lover, the composer Werner Hornbostel, she is always a realist, always in control or at least aware.

Andersch's artistry extends as well to the technical. Efraim has been taken by Anna to meet Hornbostel, who, as the two visitors talk to each other, continues absorbed in his piano playing, whistling and other sounds, which he is taping; at intervals he stops, cuts the tape, splices it, then resumes. Before the visit ends, he plays the completed tape and Efraim is fascinated by both method and substance: even though he cannot distinguish his own and Anna's words on the tape, their conversation is a recognizable element in the finished composition. A musicologist subsequently explains to Efraim that "it was 'ecmelic,' a Greek word for the extramelodic tones of the natural scale that do not fit into our tonal system." It at once occurs to Efraim that the principle must be applicable to literature and he resolves, if indeed he should ever write a book (for he is not yet aware that, paradoxically, Anna is even now impregnating him with the one that he is to write), to attempt it in the *ecmelic* style.

This is indeed what Andersch has done, and it has much to do with the effect that his book had on me. It is not always easy to follow, but it is an impressively convincing synthesis of the simultaneous levels of consciousness of his narrator so that past and present and even future and potential, desired and hated and feared, are brought into that interrelation of elements that in every successful work of art strikes one as inevitable. □

Three Poems by Marilyn Thompson

KLIMT'S 'JUSTICE'

The Bodies of Desire appear in masses of swirled hair
and there are little snakes on the women's wrists
as a temptation. The condemned
submits to what may be an octopus,
or a policeman, or Circumstance, or his past
which is supposed to catch up with him.

The men are small, part of the background
and why not: The Great Concepts
do it for them. Their faces
are decorously grave, for after all
this is a stone wall
with elegantly attired women
to help you swallow it.

Between a woman who may be Truth
and a woman who holds the tables of laws,
another
wearing a jeweled headdress
and stiff, imposing gown,
holds a sword
as tall as she is. She is
dry as ice, an extension
of her instrument.

In her name
and under it
the large violences seem small
to the executioners,
enamoured of their expensive
devices. And the official, sanitary
precision, so uncluttered as to be
classic, becomes to some
a pleasure to be desired,
as the condemned desired
tobacco for his pipe,
a plate of beans,
the open bodies of certain women,
his victims, his loves.

ONE WOMAN

A woman standing in grass tall as her waist
waits in the wind that bends the grass
as I write this.
As I write, these words
are grass tall as my waist
where I walk writing
in the wind that bends
these words toward the woman
waiting. Wind
bends the tall grass
where she waits and I walk through
these words. Wind
bends the grass as she
bends
to gather up my poem.

TWO WOMEN

Over the soft white bread I begin to cry
salt, these thin
shoes, old coat, a few friends
far from me
as though I flung them in disgust.

In me this dark
squall of winter, over the house wraith
of winter, and I cannot see beyond my sleepless wrath
and winter, my daughter without
father,
and now water
drips into a pan
in the room where she sleeps her perfect,
dreamless sleep.

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RECORDS 1971 / David Hamilton

In a year when the bulk of the recorded output comprises reissues and repackagings, it seems practical to arrange this list in only two categories: "New Recordings" and "Reissues." Unless otherwise indicated, all recordings are stereophonic.

I. New Recordings

BABBITT: *Philomel.* LERDAHL: *Wake.* Bethany Beardslee, soprano; members of the Boston Symphony Chamber Players; David Epstein, cond. Acoustic Research 0654-083. $2. (Available by mail from ARCMP, 24 Thorndike Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02141.)

BACH: Fantasias, etc. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. Telefunken SAWT-9571. $5.

BEETHOVEN: Incidental Music for Goethe's *Egmont,* Op. 84. Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Klausjürgen Wüssow, speaker; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; George Szell, cond. London CS-6675. $5.98.

String Quartets, Op. 18. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia M3-30084. $17.94 (three discs).

Piano Sonatas, Opp. 90, 101, 106, 109, 110, 111. Charles Rosen, piano. Columbia M3X-30938. $9.98 (three discs).

BELLINI: *Il Pirata.* Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Bernabé Marti, tenor; Piero Cappuccilli, baritone; Ruggero Raimondi, bass; Radio Italiana Chorus and Orchestra; Gianandrea Gavazzeni, cond. Angel SCL-3772. $7.94 (three discs).

BERGER: Septet; Five Pieces for Piano. WESTERGAARD: Variations for Six Players. SOLLBERGER: Grand Quartet for Flutes. Various performers. Acoustic Research 0654-088. $2.

BERNSTEIN: *Mass.* Alan Titus, baritone; soloists, chorus, and orchestra; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M2-31008. $11.98 (two discs).

BOULEZ: *Pli selon pli.* Halina Lukomska, soprano; BBC Symphony Orchestra; Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia M-30296. $5.98.

BRITTEN: *The Rape of Lucretia.* Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Heather Harper, soprano; Peter Pears, tenor; other soloists; English Chamber Orchestra; Benjamin Britten, cond. London OSA-1288. $11.96 (two discs).

CRUMB: *Ancient Voices of Children.* Jan deGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, cond. Nonesuch H-71255. $2.98.

Madrigals, Books I-IV. Jan deGaetani, mezzo-soprano; University of Pennsylvania Chamber Players; Richard Wernick, cond. Acoustic Research 0654-085. $2.

DEBUSSY: String Quartet. RAVEL: String Quartet. Juilliard Quartet. Columbia M-30650. $5.98.

DONIZETTI: *Lucia di Lammermoor.* Beverly Sills, soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Piero Cappuccilli, baritone; London Symphony Orchestra; Thomas Schippers, cond. ABC/Audio Treasury ATS-20006. $17.94 (three discs).

DUGGER: *Music for Synthesizer and Six Instruments.* ERICKSON: Ricercar a 5 for Trombones. HOFFMAN: Orchestra Piece 1961. Various performers. Acoustic Research 0654-084. $2.

DVORAK: Symphonic Variations; Serenade for String Orchestra. London Symphony Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 839-706. $5.98.

HANDEL: *Israel in Egypt.* Soloists; Leeds Festival Chorus; English Chamber Orchestra; Charles Mackerras, cond. Archive 2708-020. $13.96 (two discs).

HAYDN: Symphonies 57-64. Philharmonia Hungarica; Antal Dorati, cond. London STS 15131/4. $11.92 (four discs).

Symphonies 65-72. Same performers. London STS-15135/8. $11.92 (four discs).

PAGANINI: Caprices, Op. 1. Paul Zukofsky, violin. Vanguard VCS-10093/4. $9.96 (two discs).

RAVEL: Orchestral works. Cleveland Orchestra; Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia M-30651. $5.98.

SCHOENBERG: *Pierrot lunaire.* Jan deGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Arthur Weisberg, cond. Nonesuch H-71251. $2.98.

SESSIONS: Piano Sonata No. 3. Robert Helps, piano. WUORINEN: Duo for Violin and Piano. Paul Zukofsky, violin; Charles Wuorinen, piano. Acoustic Research 0654-086. $2.

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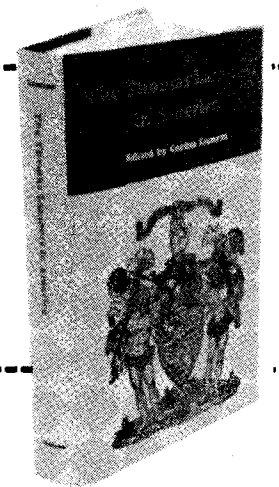

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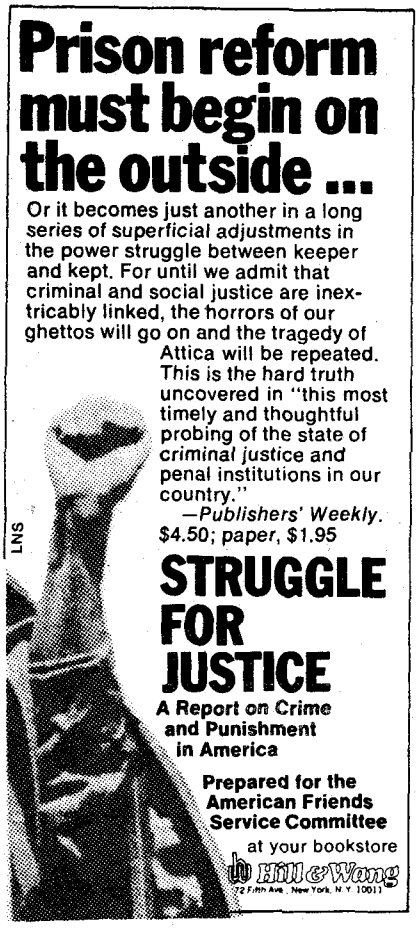
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DANCE / Nancy Goldner

One closely watches the career of Gerald Arpino, not because he is an important choreographer but because he is in an important position: resident choreographer of the City Center Joffrey Ballet, one of the three big ballet companies in the United States. Although the Joffrey gathers its repertory from far and wide, it uses Arpino as its utility man. In terms of capacity to produce, Arpino has not failed his company, but most of his ballets have shown him only too anxious to please. Or to be more precise, being anxious, he has not been content to please; he has wanted to bowl us over.

What is so heartening, therefore, about his *Kettentanz*—one of the new ballets the Joffrey group offered during its fall season—is that it aims simply to please, and does just that. *Kettentanz*, meaning "chain dance," opens with a circle for twelve. The tone is folksy. As the group weaves its way around the stage, each person faces first the one behind and then the one in front of him, nodding a hello, nice to see you again. Their legs kick up in back, suggesting that German folk dance stomp that Balanchine first used to such startling effect in *Liebeslieder Wälzer*. There is a hint of community spirit, and one cannot help thinking of Jerome Robbins' *Dances at a Gathering*. Arpino, however, is no Robbins, and for once he bows out of that race gracefully, with energy to spare. Rather than develop a sense of community, so that it eventually becomes the ballet's metaphor, Arpino uses the opening chain dance as a device, a friendly fillip that, once introduced, can be dropped. It also serves as token recognition of the music of Johann Strauss the elder, of Johann Mayer, and of the milieu for which they wrote.

The touch is light, as it is for the rest of *Kettentanz*. The people of the chain dance now become dancers (to have them remain people would require genius), and dance a series of duets, trios, quartets and double quartets. The pace is fast but it does not leave the audience or the dancers breathless. It is also controlled. The first variations are relatively low-keyed. At mid-point comes a slow, reflective solo, the lowest pulse rate of the ballet. From then on it is quickly and consistently up, with each variation almost but not quite pushing the previous one off the stage. It is in this last part that Arpino uses the double quartets. The ballet then ends with another chain dance. That is a mistake because it assumes for the entire work a shape that internally does not exist. Unlike Robbins' *The Goldberg Variations*, where the variations lead up to the final return to the first dance, *Kettentanz* introduces the first chain dance only to tell us that chain dances are precisely what that ballet is not about. That is *Kettentanz*'s nice little joke and one of its most amiable qualities. When Arpino reintroduces it, he is cheating: he is taking back his joke. Or didn't he know that he had made one?

The choreography, like the pace, is for the most part controlled and self-confident. The style is a blend of virtuosity and lyricism, which Arpino first experimented with in last year's *Reflections* and has now further mastered. It is the least cluttered choreography he has devised, although it still has traces of coltishness and a nervous condition. (I often imagine Arpino popping tranquilizers into his mouth as he works in the rehearsal studio.) One of the duets—the form on which ballet choreographers stand or fall—is the most tightly structured and dignified Arpino has done to date. It is complicated but not tricky and maintains interest without resorting to extravagant embraces and lifts. The two dancers work close together, creating a tight cluster of movement, but when they do move apart they do so easily and assuredly; they are not escaping from a cul-de-sac. With its classical bent, the duet beautifully uses Rebecca Wright's no-nonsense placement. When that girl places her leg *en croisé* in front, it is *en croisé*, 45 degrees not 35, from the center. In an arabesque, she does not try to lift her leg in back as high as it will go, thereby distorting her back and neck. She strives rather to form the most simple, natural line (assuming that ballet is but a stylization of the body's natural inclinations). In the duet Arpino fully uses Miss Wright's sense of proportion, even primness, to his best advantage. Unfortunately, I cannot yet trust Arpino to maintain the good taste of that duet. The one solo of the ballet, for Gay Wallstrom, is a reversion to Arpino's maudlin concept of romanticism. In Arpino's book, romantic equals that rock'n'roll song of the fifties, *Teen Angel*. The prom queen idles before the mirror, sighing over her flowing hair and her wedding cake of a dress, all pastel and gossamer. The audience is supposed to sigh also. So there was Miss Wallstrom striking pretty pictures for us, finally posing for us on the floor like a reclining mermaid in a lagoon.

The question is, which is the real Arpino? It has been asked many times before, not only because he has done so many different styles of ballets but because such grotesque perversions of the romantic spirit keep infiltrating what seems to be his basic allegro, virtuoso interest. *Kettentanz* is filled with many lovely moments and some that have real backbone. But just as Arpino begins to convince you that he really is developing taste and decorum, he reverts to the mermaid solo sort of thing, sentimental slop. The "Arpino problem" is not typical of a young choreographer. True, Arpino is eclectic and like many inexperienced choreographers a great borrower of other people's ideas, without being enough of his own man to be inspired by them. But his crucial problem is a moral one. Will he forever confuse beauty with prettiness, technical strength with athleticism, masculinity with humanism, and femininity with mermaidism? For all its virtues, *Kettentanz* does not settle the issue.

Lar Lubovitch raises other questions. With solid performing experience both in ballet and modern dance behind him, he began to choreograph in 1968. Most recently he performed with a company of thirteen at Stage City, November 17 through 22. At present it is easier to pick out choreographic influences than to define Lubovitch's own style. Since he is just beginning, that is O.K. There

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is a good deal of Martha Graham, especially in the way the women jut their hips out slightly and make quick little running steps on the balls of their feet. Lubovitch also likes to have his dancers prance with their backs hunched over, much in the way that a child would imitate a leaping animal. The idea—to undercut the idea that dancers are graceful—is one of Paul Taylor's favorite teases. At least Lubovitch is in good company. But when he picks up a basic premise from Maurice Béjart—that group movement is as potent as individual movement—and uses it as the foundation for his own works, Lubovitch imitates the wrong man. Thus, while the new *Clear Lake* and the old *Some of the Reactions of Some of the People of the Time Upon Hearing Reports of the Coming of the Messiah* are notable, respectively, for much leaping back and forth by the group and much unison dancing, they do not engage the viewer because mass movement is effective only as a punch line.

Not coincidentally, Lubovitch's reliance on the group coexists with a limited vocabulary of movement. When the group is not on the stage there is precious little to see. I find this choreographic stinginess, this decision not to be imaginative or entertaining, distressing and puzzling. All the more so because Lubovitch chooses magnificent music: Handel's Messiah, Bach's Cantata 78, and Mendelssohn's String Quartet, Opus 12. Ironically, the best work, *Whirligogs,* is set to a collage by Berio. *Clear Lake* simply does not use Mendelssohn, and the quartet does not lend itself to background sound. The gist of . . . *Coming of the Messiah* and *Social* (to the Bach) is to poke fun at the music's clear beat, in the first turning the music into a military drill, and in the second reducing it to inane scales, by having the men skip about in deadly accurate time, conjuring up the image of little boys parading around in sailor suits. It is perverse to reach so high when the only purpose is to drag down. A sideswipe at the gods could be fun and their total destruction could be hilarious or deeply disturbing, but Lubovitch's dances are neither sophisticated nor truly iconoclastic. □

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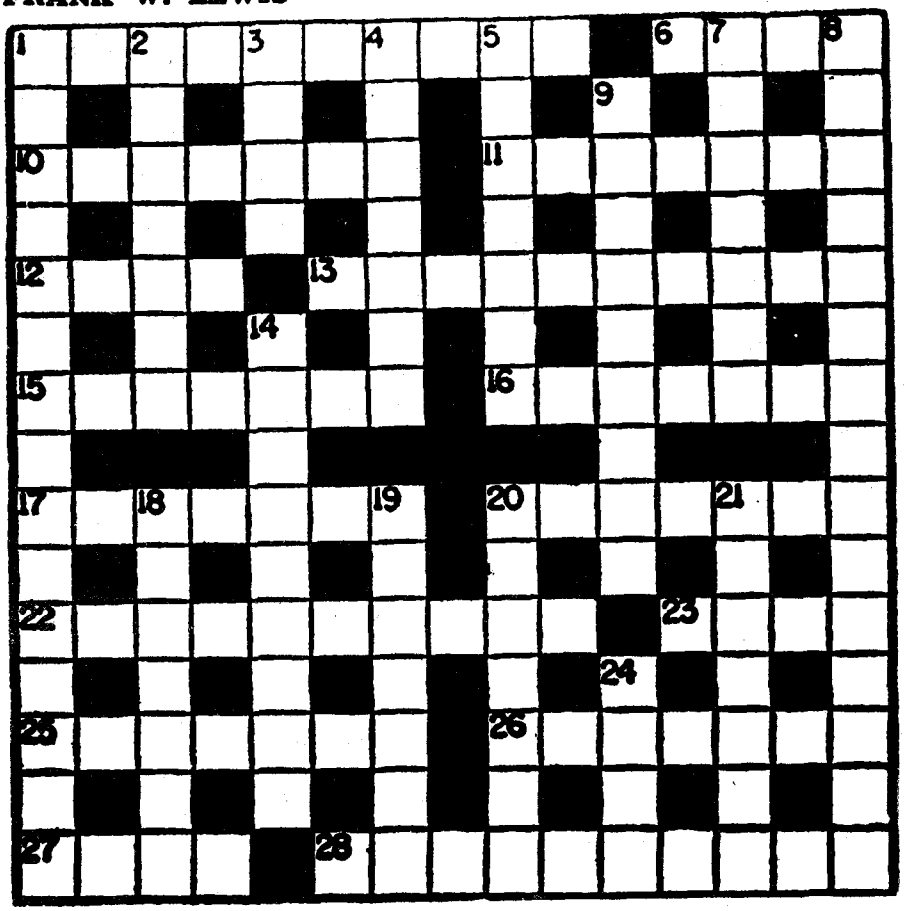
Crossword Puzzle No. 1420

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Future tense for Caesar, according to one? (10)
6 and 3 down Steer the trombone, possibly? (8)
10 Not on time, but raced home for the religious head. (7)
11 Start in to make the first part of the opera? (7)
12 Old country where men might prove backward. (4)
13 Repudiation, or one who repudiates.
15 Dawdles with things that might put you into a hole. (7)
16 The kind of system that will get one between a hundred and a thousand in the transaction. (7)
17 Attack an old sailor, by the sound of it.
20 Zoologist and geologist, father and son.
22 Clips pears from southeastern swamps? (10)
23 Money plant, or some other aromatic herb? (4)
25 A canoe I find appropriate for certain islands. (7)
26 With real leg-room, you might have such a movement. (7)
27 More loathesome than the sort of snowman you might build. (4)
28 Beset, under unusual bond for one of them, perhaps. (10)

DOWN

1 Might autobiography be so enlightening? (4-11)
2 The first one into the narrow driveway might be, to stay longer. (7)
3 See 6 across
4 Whitlows, causing a gas explosion about the ten-penny type? (7)
5 Inveigled one in decent but dilapidated environment. (7)
7 Get the best of Latin? (7)
8 They don't specifically give character, realizing a note's different. (15)
9 Such an expert might know all about 28. (9)
14 Tending to rise again with a rush, and tear around. (9)
18 Conspicuous, in a silent way. (7)
19 Ascertain the quantity of a given constituent with the speed of a bird? (7)
20 One measure of the extent of a cardiac reagent. (7)
21 Have a cocktail at the end of the buzzer! (7)
24 Accidental occurrence with lack of air? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1419

ACROSS: 1 Football player; 9 Sterile; 10 Leashes; 11 Chilly; 12 Grimaces; 14 Grandam; 15 Colic; 17 Shoot; 19 Signore; 21 Freeborn; 25 Pea soup; 26 Avocado; 27 True friendship. DOWN: 1 Fish cakes; 2 Opening; 3 Brilliant; 4 Lies; 5 Pilgrimage; 6 Alarm; 7 Ethical; 8 Isis; 13 and 23 Ad astra per aspera; 15 Crossword; 16 Cock-a-hoop; 18 Open-air; 20 Eyewash; 21 Fops; 22 and 24 Brokerage.

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